



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

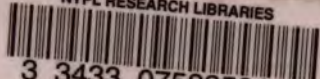
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



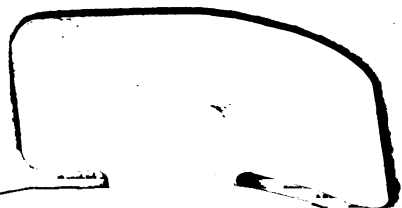
3 3433 07583591 2

P O E M S

I R E N È H A R D Y

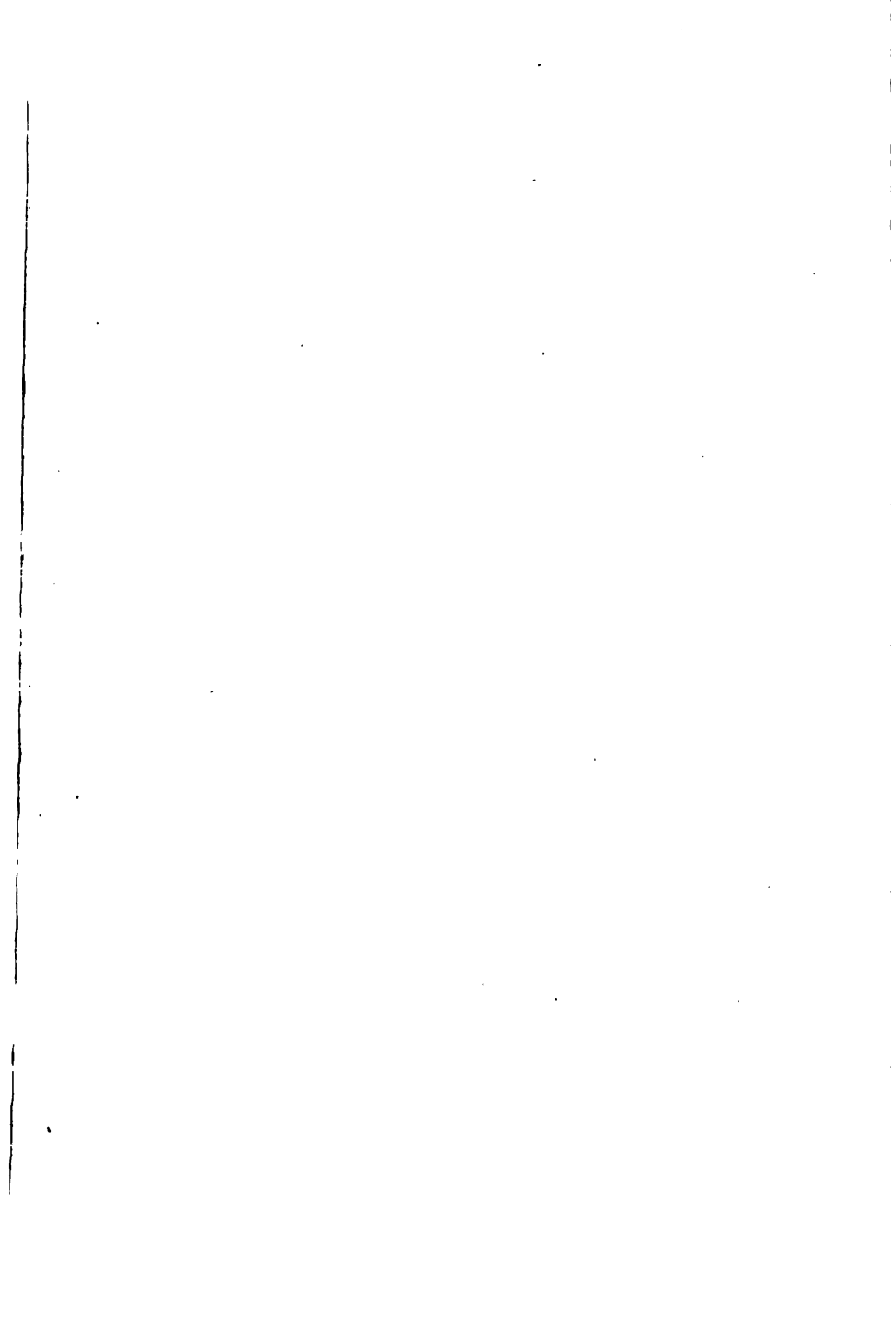
No. 1000
Ch.

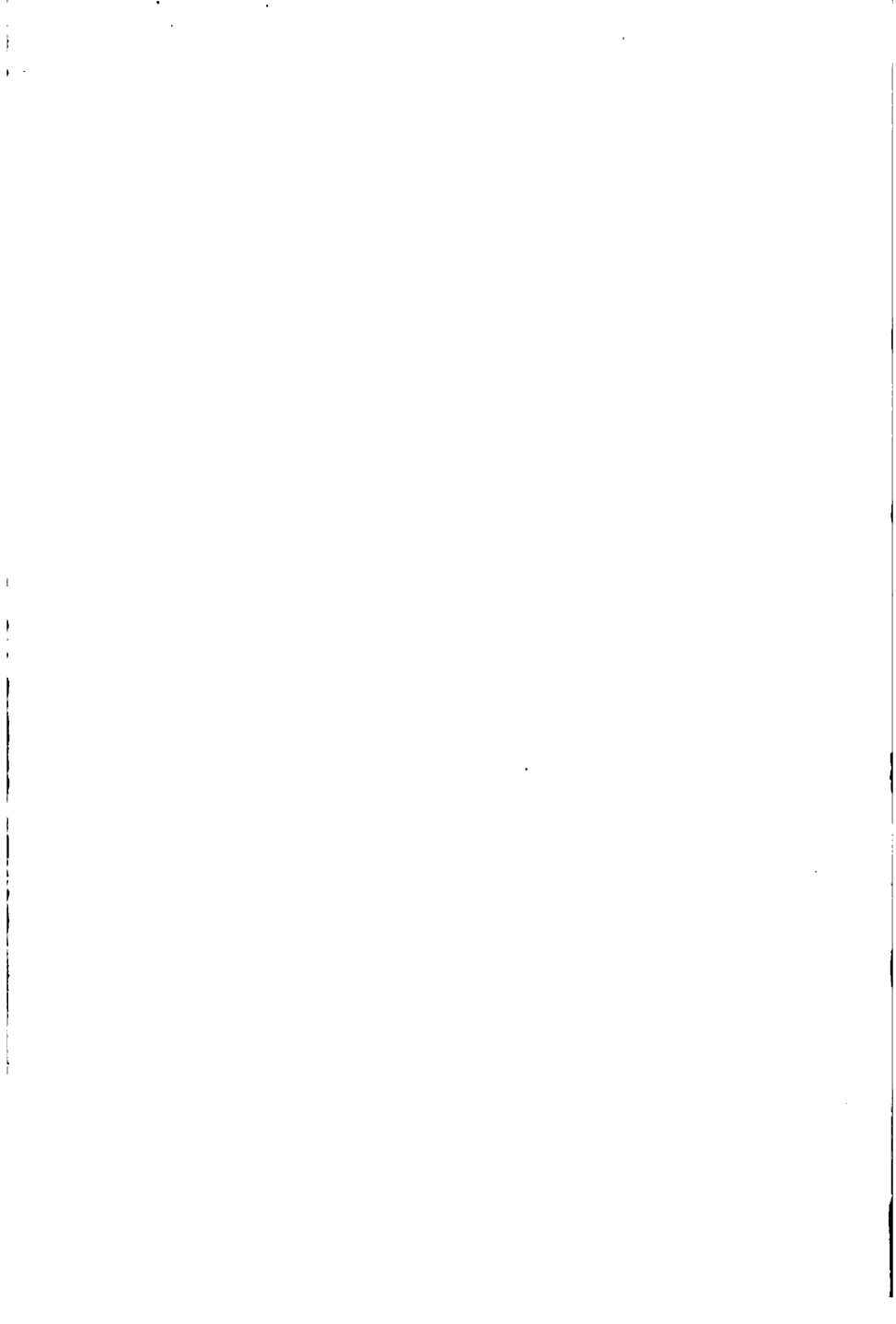
30)



11

NBI
Hardy





P O E M S

P O E M S

BY

IRENÈ HARDY



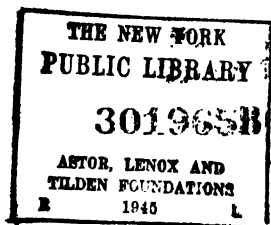
LC
D. P. ELDER AND MORGAN SHEPARD

SAN FRANCISCO

I 9 0 2

M. Sm

*Edition limited to three hundred copies.
Printed from type, and type distributed.*



COPYRIGHT, 1901

BY IRENÈ HARDY

*The Murdock Press
San Francisco*

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

and mother's birthday. 21 December 1948

Table of Contents

SONNETS

THE SONNET	<i>Page</i> 9
THE LOVE-SONNET	10
A SONNET OF STARS AND THE SONNET	10
THE SONNET IS THE VIOLET	11
WITH THE TONGUES OF MEN AND ANGELS	11
TO A VIOLIN	12
THE IMMORTAL	12
TAMALPAIS	13
BOOKS	13
HERE BEGINNETH SPACE	14
LAW	15
MORS AMORIS	15
TRUTH	16
THE EMIGRANT EXILES	16
TO ———	17
AS IF IT HAD NOT BEEN?	17
VOCATIONS	18
HYACINTH; A CHILD'S CHARACTER	18
THE LION IN THE DESERT	19
BROWNING	20
IN THE CORNFIELD	20
BRIGHT LITTLE COMRADE	21
A CHARACTER	21
THE MOUNTAIN LIONESS	22
CROP AND GARDEN	23
TO A FRIEND, WITH A VOLUME OF LOWELL'S POEMS	23

Table of **SONNETS** *(continued)*
Contents

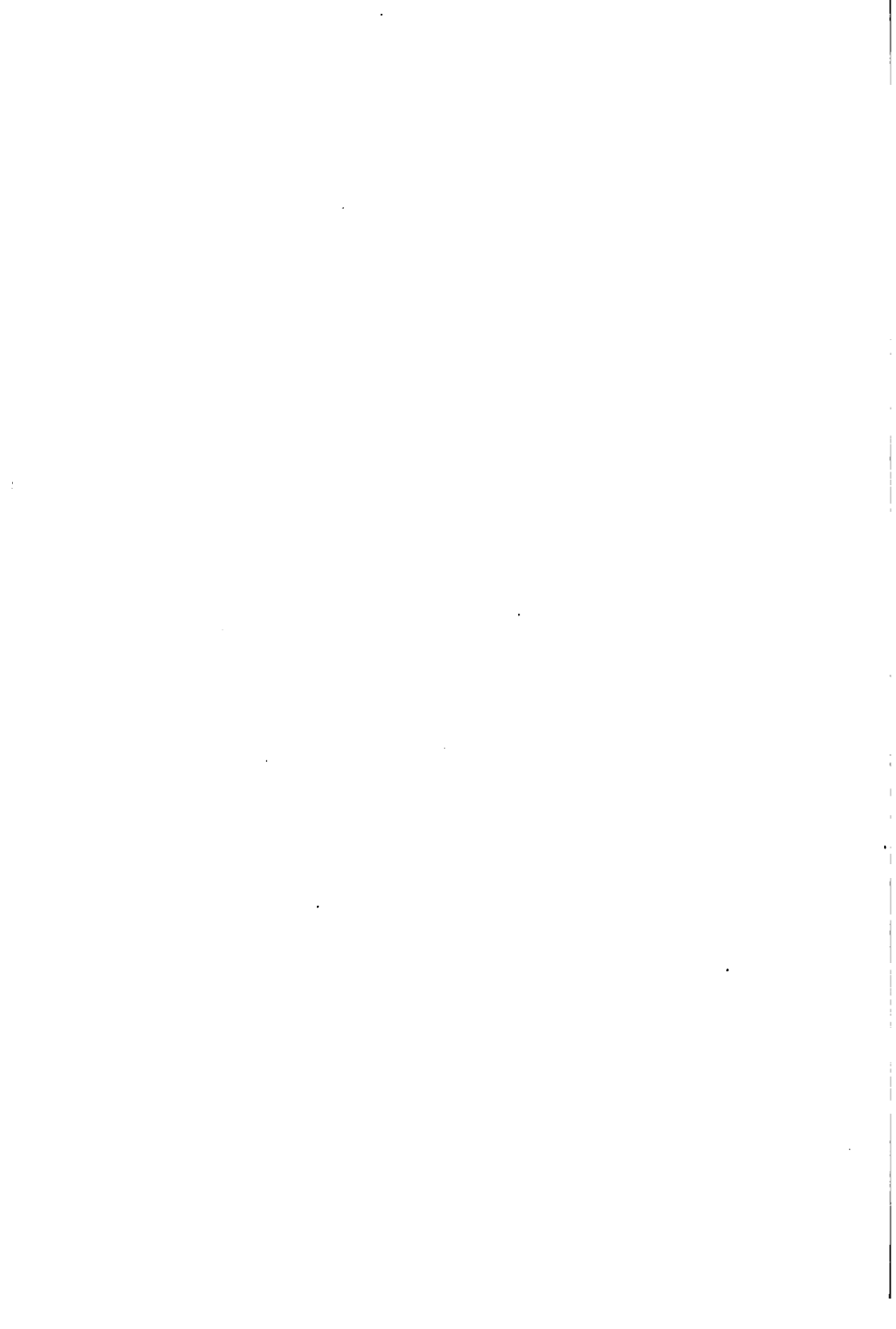
HER CALENDAR	24
ON A PHOTOGRAPH OF SCHOOL CHILDREN	24
AT BERKELEY	25
A SHAKESPEARE READER	26
EVENING ON THE OAKLAND HILLS	26
TRAGEDY	27
ATTAINED	27
A FABLE OF AMETHYSTS	28
SONNETS OF A LOVER	29
 <i>MISCELLANEOUS POEMS</i>	
SOMETIME	33
A CAMEO	33
AFTERNOON	34
A MEMORY OF BEETHOVEN'S SONATA, OP. 27:1	35
LIFE AND DEATH	37
THE RAINBOW	39
 <i>IN BLANK VERSE</i>	
PALATIRE	41
THE POINT OF VIEW	44
A SHEPHERD OF MEN	45
BERYM'S PARABLE	49
AS IT BEFELL	50
NEPHRAN AND THE LAW	56
THE VISION OF CYRLEON	57
IN THE GARDEN	62
GRATIAN BY THE FOUNTAIN	64

<i>IN BLANK VERSE (continued)</i>	<i>Table of Contents</i>
THE ROMANCE OF A CLOD	68
A PARABLE OF APPLES	71
AN INVITATION	73
<i>ULAN, THE STONE-CUTTER</i>	75
<i>BY WOOD AND FIELD</i>	
PRELUDE: WOOL-GATHERING	81
AMONG THE OAKS	82
WITH THE FIELD-LARK	86
IN THE FIELD IN FEBRUARY	88
IN PALO ALTO GARDEN	91
PALO ALTO HILLS	94
<i>MISCELLANEOUS POEMS</i>	
ELIAN GRAY	95
OF A SONG AND A DREAM	97
SONG: SING IVY	100
SONG: WHEN YOU COME	101
THE LITTLE GRAY BIRD	102
PERHAPS IF WE KNEW	103
A FOSTER MOTHER'S THOUGHT	104
TO EACH OTHER	105
VERILY	106
TO A. B. C.	107
TRIOLET	107
<i>THE FALL OF THE LEAF: A BEAST DRAMA</i>	109
<i>ARIEL AND CALIBAN</i>	117

Table of MISCELLANEOUS POEMS
Contents

A WEDDING-DAY GALLOP	121
THE NEW HOUSE AND HOME	124
NOVEMBER RAIN	126
A NOVEMBER POPPY	127
GO FORTH AND TEACH	128
MY BEECH-TREE	129
SELF	130
THE SHEPHERD'S MOUNTAIN	131
THE GREEK GIRL'S INVOCATION TO ATHENA	132
 TO THE WILD PENNYROYAL	 133
IN HERMITAGE WITH FANCY	137
ODE FOR FOREFATHERS' DAY	143

P o e m s



SONNETS

THE SONNET

WRITE me a poem, fourteen liquid lines,—
The secret of a heart, the longing of a soul;
But mind your flowing numbers do not roll
Their waves beyond the exquisite confines
The little garden of the sonnet shines
Resplendent in; and mind you quite control
That golden strand of rimes,—one, two,—whose sole
Reiterance your major chord entwines.
Let not your hand a lingering moment waste
Till it has captured, where it floats and sings,
The birdlike thought you scarce can say you hear;
Back to its thicket, else, it hies, untraced,
And leaves the poor sestette with trailing wings,
And me without the verse I hold so dear.

THE LOVE-SONNET .

THERE lies a little mirrored pool alone,
And far from traveled ways, this side the crest
Of day where morning dwells; fair on its breast
A planet shines at night, as if its own
Flame would transform the pool into a stone
Of splendor, fit for crownèd Esther, dressed
In coronation glory, for her quest
Before Ahasuerus on his throne.
This little pool,— ah, let me look therein,
And see whence well its waters, pure and clear.
No wiser than the bird whose image darts
From edge to edge! Nor never shall I win
That secret. Shakespeare knew, and she, that dear
And great one, first in Browning's heart of hearts.

A SONNET OF STARS AND THE SONNET

COME watch with me, Dear Heart, the seventh
white star
That shines above the hill. Ah, wait seven more
That dart red rays; recount them all before
The new moon sets behind that cloudy bar
Across the glowing west. What those worlds are
My words would fain be, most of all—a lore
To speak the heart in, tintured to the core
With light and flame, those orbs exceeding far:
A little tale of red and white,—of flame
And fire; rose-love, and lily-truth, twice told
In mystic seven twice over; chanted yet
Again, O Love, close to thine ear, a name
Just audible to thee, for thee to hold
And have until the stars themselves forget.

THE SONNET IS THE VIOLET

THE sonnet is the violet of song,
A flower that springs responsive to the rain
Of tears, or to the heart when under strain
Of joy so deep that silence would do wrong
To life and love; then lyric phrases throng
The thought,—intoning, rise and fall,—again,
Again,—like evening bells in low refrain,
As if the words the passion would prolong.
O thou that seekest to make this little flower
Bloom in thy garden-plot of poesy,
Behold how dear it was to laureate kings,
And plant thou, too, in sacred earth and hour;
And men shall love thee in the years to be
As one who loved and cherished loveliest things.

WITH THE TONGUES OF MEN AND ANGELS

ONE sweep of Homer's purple paints the sea
Gurgling 'mid *Ægea's* islanded confines;
One touch of Shakespeare's pen incarnadines
The waters of the world with tragedy.
Milton's bare word on Vallombrosa's tree
Makes thick the leaves. And thought the more
resigns
Itself to such imaginings since that it pines
And beats against its cage for language free
As theirs to speak out plain its life in. Star
And sun commend the prayer for words of light:
Perfection's rounded worlds far swinging on
Within their shining orbits draw from far
The soul's desire up to a glittering height
It had not tried had no foot further gone.

TO A VIOLIN

In silva viva situi:

Jam mortua cano.— *Inscription on a violin.*

O INSTRUMENT of lovely sound, art naught
But wood and yet can be such heavenly friend?
Thou that wert tree once, seraph that art, commend
Thy silences to me, till troubled thought,
That wakes o' nights o'er little tasks half-wrought,
Learns to be still and wait life's secret trend,
While into every fiber life shall send
Harmonies from archangels' choiring caught.
So shall there be from me when I am dead
Music immortal, sweet and searching; yea,
The end shall never be, and I shall sing
Away tears of the unsatisfied and say
To hearts (that wist not how they need) what bread
Says to the spirit when smoking censers swing.

THE IMMORTAL

A MAN went forth to battle once and set
His flag upon the blackened wall of fate;
Then when the death foreseen had made him great,
His mourning country strove to pay the debt
With laureled marble and with carved regret;
She wrote his deed upon the book of state,
She graved it, blazoned, on the palace gate,
Dared Time himself to read and then forget.
Yet moss-grown is that name now. None can know
What thing was done that marble should be piled.
But brave young hearts arise, and haste, and go
To victory still, chanting with joyous tread
The ballad bold that roused and reconciled
To death that nameless one among the dead.

TAMALPAIS

LOOK where the sunset in a glare of gold
Outspreads a glittering net across the strait:

You see a mountain wreathed long and late
With opaline mists that sweep in gorgeous fold
On fold, above, below? So, you behold

Mount Tamalpais, the purple, ultimate,
Unmythic pillar of that Golden Gate
Which opens outward, beckoning to bold
Mariners, tempted of the winds and seas

To seek some orient in the flaming west:
Tempted of an inward glow to leave all
Behind, 'scape all, and greatness out and please
The spirit in some wider empire, guessed
Of by that glow, conjectured by that call.

BOOKS

WHAT though "the glory that was Greece" I
hold

In fee but as a faint reflected gleam?
What though "the grandeur that was Rome" must
seem

To me forever but a tale that's told,
Mingled with murmurs of the dim and old
Far sounds of remembered evenings, when a dream
Of it, stirred by my father's voice, did stream
Processionary through the twilight cold?
Far other worlds have I to travel in:

One way far as the morning star I go,
Harkening to shepherd songs of David's lyre;
Or some far isle in Prosper's boat I win,
By stream, and wood, and freshet springs to know
Joy for the thought, range for the heart's desire.

HERE BEGINNETH SPACE

I

I SAW a pillar rise against the sky,
That veiled one star behind its crystal shaft;
Slow outward moving went an oarless raft
Seeking I saw not what ere light should die;
All round that lonely land the rocks piled high,
Nor signified an end, nor wit nor craft
Of builder; winds blew fair as if to waft
A breath of hope, but hope came not thereby.
With utter grief so dreamed I that I dreamed;
Wherefore, I had no sleep, for I would learn
Where went the oarless raft; with soul aflame
I followed on and on, until I seemed,
Upon a shoreless ocean lone, to turn
And flee a formless Dread without a name.

II

Ah, wistful soul, that cannot be at rest!
Thou frettest in the circle drawn around
This little world? To others without bound
Or limit,— yet to thee its east and west
Are only door-posts whence thou makest quest
For somewhat more of truth than thou hast found
By weighing suns or atoms, taking sound
And finding reefs and barriers thou hadst guessed.
Behold earth's wisdom; take its measure now;
Let thy surveyor soul be satisfied
And know. Carry thy chain and set thy rod
Forward, beyond, one furlong more, yet thou,
Like all before thee born, shalt run to hide
Thy baffled face before the feet of God.

LAW

LAW said to the river, "Go this winding way,
And I will go with thee, down to the sea;
Yea, I will bring thee home again, all be,
Through rolling clouds where hail and thunder play.
There woven with the sunlight, ray for ray,
Thou then wilt shine, and men beholding me
Intimate in archangel company
Shall gladly choose me lord and me obey."
I saw that river meet the ocean waste:
A ship far seaward felt beneath her keel
A friendlier wave; a whirling tempest turned
And fled to unsailed seas; a white bird traced
Her homeward way. And, trembling, I could feel
That overhead a seven-hued splendor burned.

MORS AMORIS

LOVE lay dead upon her funeral pyre,
And men and angels mourned her where she lay;
The sun's light fled, the stars all waned away,
The lean white moon put out her silver fire.
Said Grief, "'T was Pride that stabbed her. Deep
and dire
Shall be his hell."
"Nay, now, your harsh words stay!
I saw him dying by her door this day,"
Wept Pity, while she wreathed a golden tire
Of asphodel round Love's poor head.
"To death
I wounded her," wailed Truth. "Deep within the
sea,
I'll drown myself."
"Yet none of these, O none,"—
A whisper rose, as it were Love's last breath,—
"Hath brought me low. Live thou, sweet Truth, for
me:
This deed of death Indifference hath done."

TRUTH

MEN make thought of thee after their own
Measure. According to their wit they sound
Thy seas and search thy skies. When they have found
The thing that verifies their guess,—some stone
Too old for life carved deep with life, some cone
Where fern should be, some square that should be
round,—

They make the world's broad market-place resound,
Till earth with shattered faiths lies thickly strewn.
Let us forbear to blame,—let us forbear!

For wistfully upon the desert waste

Men watch the eastern quarter of the sky;
For wistfully, with wide eyes half-aware
Of somewhat waiting still to know and taste,
Youth runs to meet thee face to face and die.

THE EMIGRANT EXILES

LANDWARD, at dawn, we saw the forests cloud
The high horizon's rim; we heard the song
Of waking birds upon the shore and watched the long
Low wave that lapping went with whisper loud
Up to the rocks of purple gray; and proud
Our canvas swelled to pass the savage throng
Of monsters set with plan to do us wrong
By some grim power those regions dire allowed.
A sapphire sky bending a friendly dome
Above an island where life's daily task
May be, in peace, with simple comfort done —
A kindly sea for us encircling home;
O, these are all our wayworn spirits ask!
Comes hope again with yonder rising sun?

TO ———

WHEN I behold thy spirit's lofty tree
Unwithered, rich in leaf, and flower, and fruit,
And know it has not place to strike a root,
Except in fields of sorrow — griefs I see
And name not, death and loss, — my thought of thee
Makes wreaths heroic; marveling, though mute
Before the strength that keeps a resolute
Great soul unharmed of its integrity.
Thou hast laid hold on some eternal rock
Of truth and fearest no unseen disaster
Of time or tide; for grievous earthly things
(Thou sayest still) are but for seasons, mock
Our merely mortal part, and cannot master
What knows itself above the need of wings.

AS IF IT HAD NOT BEEN ?

A WHIRL of gnats above a twilight pool
Falling a-crisp when summer lightnings blaze;
A black foray from out the anthill there,
That drowns beneath a sudden rush of rain;
A universe of crawling atoms, dead
Within a sun-dried inch of vagrant foam
Stranded by slowly lapsing July pond, —
And all is naught, as if it had not been ?
Slow æons, then a watery wash of air;
Huge fronds and monster forests fallen and old;
Myriad creatures whelmed in ribbed rocks,
And man at last, and last, upon a whirling world;
Then all burnt out to ashes, dead and cold, —
And all is naught, as if it had not been ?

VOCATIONS

"IF this be all of life," said one who fared
Along a hillward way with head perpend,
"If this be all of life, why, come the end!
What good in joys one has not had and shared?
Yon minstrel, velvet-clad and yellow-haired,—
The king keeps him to stare and fool and spend!—
I would be he, would but my fortune mend;
Forget what I aspired to, what I dared."
He laid him down beneath a thicket shade;
He slept a dreamless sleep and saw the world
Anew; he rose and lifted up a stone
And set it in a torrent's path and made
A city safe from ruin, all but hurled
Upon its peace by mountain tempests thrown.

HYACINTH; A CHILD'S CHARACTER

OFt have I seen the poet's word inspire
His waking soul, until before him seemed
To shine some glory from whose edge there streamed
Into his face foregleams of high desire
To be fulfilled. And I have seen, in fire
And forge of conflict shaped, his will that dreamed
Aforetime dallying with itself, redeemed
From slavery's threat and clothed in king's attire.
When he beheld the truth, he followed far
To grasp it for his own. It was no grief
To him that then he knew not why he sought;
Day after day brought gifts of joy, and star
On star the night prepared; so was he lief,
And glad to know, not knowing he was taught.

THE LION IN THE DESERT

HERE must I crouch beneath the shriveled sage,
Until the night comes down upon the sand
A-scorch with fiery day, where it has spanned
With senseless blue the desert's biting rage
At beast and bush, since morn, as if to wage
A war of hate on all the hollow land.
Here must I lie alone, a-thirst, unfanned
By stir of leaves, trapped in the sun's own cage.
I know the bare pool by the dead cliff's foot;
If the fierce sun lap it not all ere dark
As he laps my blood now, I'll bring her there,
My mate, panting yonder at the hot root
Of that white rock,— gate of the devil's park
Wherein the red sun finds his nightly lair!

II

Ah, drink, poor mate, here in the shrunken pool,
Enough, now, till, when the darkest dark drops black,
We follow forth the sprinkled shining track
Of the unhurting stars, slow by the cool
Flow of low streams; the desert shall not fool
Our footsteps out across its flaring rack
Again, nor take our blood, nor toll us back
To grisly empires where the sun has rule:
For we are masters of the world, not he;
The night is always ours; not even the stars
Have dared to interfere, and the high moon
Goes by her own white path, though she can see
Ours leads the best way. There no desert bars,
And cool in thickets deep we'll sleep at noon.

BROWNING

1860

MEN said there were no ways that they could climb
The mountain some could see. Nay, more, they
said,—

Beholding as through mist its veiled head,—
It was no mountain, but a cloud; or time
Would prove it but a barren, unsublime,
And cheerless country; neither grain for bread,
Nor in its purlieus, bloom for honey spread;
Not order but confusion all its rime.

1890

But now it is men's joy to find twelve ways
To one clear spot; and yet to find too dim
No shade, no bough vociferant with leaves
Upon the mountain. Ay, they haste to praise
The clouds they see on the horizon's rim,
Where, sovereign and serene, the great cone
cleaves.

IN THE CORN-FIELD

ENCOMPASSED close by ranks of bladed corn,
Where shade and shine their harmless rapier cross,
Where dallying airs the yellow cornsilk toss,
Upon the earth at rest and unforlorn
Though all alone, I lie in tranquil scorn
Of nearer care or far to-morrow's loss;
And if above my head 't is silken floss
That floats, or cloud, I'll think to-morrow morn.
For, oh, it is enough to lapse into a dream
And let the wearied heart its pulsing slow;
Enough to feel the folding air at play
On brow and cheek, and watch the stream
Of downward sloping leaves, and come and go
In thought with them, as forth and back they sway.

BRIGHT LITTLE COMRADE

BRIGHT little comrade from the woods, come show
Thy antic cheer about my sunlit room
Of books, that stand in moods of gloom
Because thought's tide is out, heart's rhythm is low
With weariness. Friendly thou art and know
Good friend in me, who yet did dare presume
To take thee from thy home, thy little doom
To make for thee, and longer life bestow.
So, thou hast not been eaten by the snake;
Thy gentle blood no weasel drank at night;
Thou hast not starved 'mid winter's frozen wood,
Nor waited vainly for the sun to make
Sweet the wild nuts for thee. Yet, little sprite,
Thou still doth question if my deed were good?

A CHARACTER

"Different from himself."—*Plutarch*.

YEA, it is true, my soul, yet hard to say:
His outlook has no mountain nor no sky;
Ships of his mart are ever sailing by
On some mean errand, though he knows the way
To lands Elysian. You could name no day
Of his not stained with lowest self, nor pry
Into his thoughts and not appalled fly
The downward drawing of his soul of clay.
Yet moods there are of his that burn with gleams
Of archangelic fire,—that re-illumine and stir
His coarsely-vestured soul, till, as once it shone,
Illuminate it shines; to doubt him seems
The caviling of an envious mind, a slur
For which devoted love could scarce atone.

THE MOUNTAIN LIONESS

I

I HAD remembered it, the crunch of bones,
Almost too vividly to merely look
And let them pass, the woman with a book,
And that fair child with plaything cones
And bits of pebbles, while across the stones
Of my own spring he tripped and shook
The very brake where I lay hid, and took
A rose as one takes lightly what he owns.
I had remembered it, and hunger lean,
Low crouching 'neath the brier, into his face
Breathed hotly through the tangled, fern-thick screen;
So close I breathed, so fierce, as to displace
His yellow curls, as though a wind blew by;
No other harm! This beast-pent soul knows why.

II

I was a woman once, a mother,— God,
That I remember it! that I still know!
I had a child like that; and 't was my woe
That, being beautiful, I therefore trod
The hearts of men as leaves upon the sod,
And tasked my soul its uttermost to show
That men the love of angels would forego
Even for my meanest smile, my faintest nod.
I let him die with him that loved us both;
Then men despised me, and I died to this:
A soulless beast, whose yellow whelps were loth
To own her, so died too. Oh, even to miss
Even then might make me loathe myself so deep,
My soul, long dead, would come to life and weep!

CROP AND GARDEN

THE rent within the cloak thy neighbor wears
Forbear to see; forbear to know that bread
Comes coarse to him and served on delf, yet dread
To lose the word his life unwitting spares
For salt to thine. Forthright, as on he fares
In tranquil frame although his heart has bled,
And still aches on with tears he must not shed,
Haste with what help thou hast for all he bears.
Behold, there, how thy crop and garden grow,
Erect in sunshine, sweet in fruit and seed;
See how they give, not counting loss or gain;
They have not wicked wit enough to know
Preëminence of right above the wilding weed
To gifts of light, to treasures of the rain.

TO A FRIEND, WITH A VOLUME OF LOWELL'S POEMS

F. C. T.

A YELLOW sapphire set in frosted gold,
A charm of purple sardius subtly chased,
A silken scarf with golden broideries traced,
A blood-red rose, a bud of rarer mould,
A poet's book with untold tales out-told,—
Which shall it be? With heart's warm wisdom
graced
This milestone on your highway newly placed
Your friend would mark in fashion sweet and old.
And so what this gift can will let it say,
As trusting its interpreter to find
Remembering moments as he goes the way
This book shall lead him, when his gladdened mind
But faintly conscious of a thought's delay,
May feel, "Thine, too, the impulse of this day."

HER CALENDAR

S. M. M., JAN. 16, 1886.

WE do not count her age by days and years,
But by the constant summer in her face;
Not by the sorrows that have brought her tears,
But by the faith that takes away their trace;
Hence have we kept in warm familiar place
Such record,— be we younger,— as endears
All that she is to us, and adds a grace
To each till each as old as she appears.
But we, who older walk with her, have caught
That chrism, too, that doth her life enrich;
For the high faith which in her soul hath wrought
Reflects a light on ours from that fair niche
Wherein our hearts, in love for her made bold,
Have set her that she never may grow old.

ON A PHOTOGRAPH OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

THEY say we praise too much this lyric land,
Its bloomy plains, its mountains bold and high;
With orient phrase and metaphor, we dye
Its golden rivers and its wave-warm strand;
There where our homes, by sea-winds faintly fanned,
'Mid lucent-clustered vines and orchards lie,
We dwell, complacent that no other sky
Rounds its blue dome above a clime so grand.
Is this a grievous fault, if it be true,
To love our land? But never let them say
O bright expectant throng, sun-pictured here,
That Nature showers in vain her gifts on you.
Lo, with these splendors you may match your day,
And greaten all the glory of the year.

AT BERKELEY

E. R. S.

THIS place will love one poet first and best,
Whoever comes hereafter. Not a stone
That lies along the hillward path alone
Where he has trod, but there his eye would rest
As on a friend, should he return in quest
Through haunts remembered; nothing he has known
And praised but still would choose him as its own
Interpreter and best belovèd guest.
Some souls there were who thought the bramble vine
That twitched his sleeve to offer fruit or flower
Had more than blessedness enough; while they
Found no good words to speak their debt or shrine
Their love in; some recorded the one hour
They heard his voice as life's own natal day.

Wise hearts have conned his wisdom, line on line,
And fools have left their thrones and learned to pray;
And those who loved him most love most his way
Of still withdrawal,— love, and make no sign.

A SHAKESPEARE READER

AN island where illusive voice and scene,
To lead them to the truth, led men astray;
A leafy wood astir with pastoral play;
A castle cursed with demon king and queen;
A palace brightened by the sunny sheen
Of Portia's locks,— these fancy could portray
With pallid brush; then they would fade away
Like painted landscapes on a magic screen:
But show us, thou interpreter, the wand
That Prosper buried certain fathoms deep!
Thou hast its potent art. With voice and hand
Conjure,— we follow to that orient steep
Which overlooks the Shakespeare tableland,
And there, entranced, 'mid living landscapes stand.

EVENING ON THE OAKLAND HILLS

NOW from the dusk that visits field and hill
I hear the tumult of the mist-veiled town,
An evening murmur of repose sink down,
Till in the peace of night the world is still.
One bird sings on with reminiscient trill
Of daylight lyrics on the leafy crown
Of thickets deep, where lies, 'mid shadows brown,
His little home, vine-hid from every ill.
Half-heard, the iron causeway's clangor holds
In check the movement of the memory,
And life seems all a picture, far and faint.
The old sea pauses, far away the folds
Of his gray vesture flings in foam-bands free,
Curves round the crags, and lies in lulled restraint.

TRAGEDY

“The tragedy is not his (Rousseau’s); but the tragedy is the world’s, that it should have had to endure him as the master of its thought, its leader.”

NOT that, O World, thy grave diurnal round
Beheld the heart of man unreconciled
To such a lot as thou hadst given thy child;
Not that man’s thought was red with blood, or bound
In prison by his brother’s hate, or wound
Within the web of destiny or wild,
Dark death’s; nay, not because of these up-piled,
Do fear and pity all my soul astound:
But that, O World, processionary moved
Thy nations,— this unto its doom, and this
To starlike state, marshaled thereto by fate,
Wrapped up in one fire-shafted word, amiss
From mouth ignoble, while thy prophets proved
Un-Delphian, dumb, not daring to be great.

ATTAINED

A STATELY metaphor they carved for her
In far-brought marble on a splendid tomb,
Among rare roses in the scented gloom
Of ancient groups of fir and juniper.
As if the thought engrailèd mournings were
Full reparation for a sad fore-doom,
Scarce had she gone from out her lonely room
When shadowing draperies made the day a blur.
Yet now the joy of birds in morning song,
The noonday quiet in the lanes of leaves,
The hope of dawns, the spherul peace of night,
All come to that proud spot; there starbeams throng,
And immemorial Nature smiles and weaves
That heart’s long grief into her web of light.

A FABLE OF AMETHYSTS

SERAPHAEL wooed a woman angel fair,
And laid his life before her fateful feet.
She laughed,— her laughter was most sweet,—
And tossed him back from out her twisted hair
A blood-red rose,— his hand had placed it there;—
“Take back your rose, yourself, and go repeat
This tale,” she said, “to her whom next you meet;
For such fine playthings she perchance may care.”
And thus his heart’s great fervor won away,
She threw aside as lightly as his flower,
For him, this made a lifetime’s bitter day;
For her, the triumph of an idle hour;
For him life paused, its currents turned astray,
Love died and Hate seized all her princely dower.

II

Then fell Seraphael’s tears upon the ground
Across the purple flower he held and kissed;
Then rained the purple drops like hail through mist
And fell pale Muriel’s woful feet around;
Her pale and paler growing hair unbound,
That was of shredded gold a wondrous twist,
Her cheeks, her azure eyes, so unprofound,
All sank dissolved and froze to amethyst.

MORAL

What if my fable be in thought absurd?
Two seeds of truth lie in its crabbed core;
And man may read anew what he has heard
Since woman’s face its blush of beauty wore;
And woman feel again the truth which stirred
Her heart at Eden’s closed and flaming door.

SONNETS OF A LOVER

I

I KNOW not, O God, what chrism shall be mine,
Of loss, thorn-crowned, or love supreme and whole;
But let it be that I may bear my soul
Blameless though afraid before that divine
Ark, where 'mid angels' wings thou didst enshrine
The Nobler Love. Take Thou of thought control
Until upon my breast the sacred stole
Of Love's investiture may fitly shine.
Thou dost instruct me; light is not withheld;
I would exalt myself to that I know,
For her whom I shall choose; for her would rise
Above myself; for her would haste, compelled
To holiest heights of being, there to go
Comrade of stars, frequenter of the skies.

II

Could you let my heart speak, O lady fair,
And tell how, ever exalting love and you,
It has uplifted life and led it through
The lowlands, up the high and sunlit stair
Of duty,— oh, if you could, you might care
A little for this rose,— love's blossoming true,—
Sprung by the path where you have brushed the dew
In passing; and a little I might share
The thought thus wakened, and a little cherish
This rose, that wistful rears its tender head
Looking to Love's domain; there would it shrine
Its joyous boughs about our home, nor perish
Though thou and I were numbered with the dead,
Though there thy heart lay buried low with mine.

III

A bird sings in the garden of my heart,
And all day long I hear its carol clear;
At night it folds its gentle wings so near,
Its tender pulsings stir my blood and start
The tears within my eyes to think love's art
Should stay her wings with me and make so dear
The rude wild bowers of my demesne, nor fear
But she should find her spirit's counterpart.
All day I go resolved and thinking how
To make more sweet for her that garden place;
How I will pluck away the weeds, the rose
Of love to plant there for her nesting-bough;
How I will school my heart to every grace
That it may be her home, her one repose.

IV

As Dante's soul uplifted, whiter grew
When thinking Beatrice's prayer would be
For his ennobling, so mine turns to thee,
My heart's astronomer, to find the clue
To guiding stars yet hidden from my view,
But risen to thine. The clouded orbs I see
Through mists of earth, barely suffice to me
To show the devious path I still pursue.
Could I conspire with the archangel there
Before thy heart's flame-guarded paradise!
Fear not, sweet spirit; I should walk unshod
Its ways, and kneeling where thou kneel'st at prayer,
If I should hear my faltered name, arise
Assured of life, of love, of thee, of God.

V

*Sonnets of
a Lover*

Lady, thy goodness shone to me from far,
Long ere my soul beheld its luminous ray
Of high serenity athwart my way
As certain light from some invariable star.
So have I seen in desert paths the spar
Of dim white crystal gleaming in the gray
Of night; so have I known that reflex play
Imaged an orb whose lights eternal are.
Tranquil with hope, straight on I fare, and find
Clear ground before me, since one white star beams
Constant, though far, along the path I go.
Wherefore, to that benignant light I bind
Observance, till, O greatener of my dreams,
I come to thee, life's highest lore to know.

VI

WITH A TREE-CONFIDANT

Voiceless thou art not. Speak thy word to me!—
Forthrightness and strength and the patient ways
Of faith when stormy seasons bring amaze
And make the blood through backward gateways flee.
Prevent my soul's recession!— Not to thee,
O, not to thee, beneath these boughs I raise
This cry! Thy steadfastness my spirit stays
But builds not all my hope, thou friendly tree.
Father of love and life, take thought of me
These fateful days, that I my growth may grow
Skyward to thee, worldward where service lies,
Whether blow winds of cloudy destiny,
Or heaven's warm arch bend close and low,
Prefigured in my love's consenting eyes.

Wear inviolate vesture, O my soul,
When now thou enterest thought's removèd shrine.
Thou canst not be alone there; 't is no longer thine
To shut the door and keep the key's control.
Unshared, thy table's daily bread and bowl
Had grown unsweet,— wanting the mystic sign
That makes of every common dish a meal divine,
The morsel that love shares more than the whole.
That this dear guest may stay to dwell with thee,
Make yet more fair thy house's garniture.
Her wings that nestle to thy happy breast
Must grow content, stronger by flight with thee
For higher heavens, whence higher still to lure
Thee on to love's eventual haven, rest.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

SOMETIME

THERE is a ship named Sometime;
Men dream of it, and wait;
One on the shore, impatient,
One at the household gate,
Thinking: "If it come not in the morn,
Then in the evening it may."
But one I knew, not thinking of ships,
Worked till the close of the day,
Lifting his eyes at evening-time,
There his ship at anchor lay.

A CAMEO

SHE bowed her head above a book;
I saw her face in shade;
The beauty of her tranquil look
The book's reflection made.

Her hand lay white upon the page,
Her hair, dull gold, hung low;
Or whether bard she read, or sage,
Little I cared to know.

A pleasant picture, purely set,
Its mood all fair, though grave,
The virtue of an amulet
To my remembrance gave.

AFTERNOON

WHAT, then, that winds blow chill along the
shadowy waste,
The sky is afternoon, and homeward flock the birds,
And lonely sound my loom-strokes in a lonely room?
Perennial burns my fire, and calm and pleasant-spaced
My day was, fair with color, interwoven words
Of friend and book; so, brave and cheerily went my
loom.

What, then, that, day's work done, a lonely supper
waits,
A lonely evening lamp when all is done?
The faithful firelight warms a tender opaline gloom,
Where stands my yet unfinished web, inwoven with
dates
Of purple, buds of rose, and sky of blue, and sun
Of heaven's imperial noon; so, cheerily goes my loom?

'T were easy — yes! — to weep because the thread
Turns from the pattern here, and there, and here;
But I laid not the warp that works my weal or doom;
The woof was dyed ere I could know, or choose, or
dread.
The power that laid the varying strands is ever near
And measures all; so, brave and cheerily goes my loom.

A MEMORY OF BEETHOVEN'S
SONATA, OPUS 27:1

N. V.

A FACE impassioned over ivory keys,
An open window and a saffron sky;
Roses 'gainst the dark of cedar-trees,
A-rustle with belated birds the house-wall nigh;
A grave contralto's sudden cry
From some compelling height of song;
A hush of voice, a slumbrous throng
Of half-roused chords, that fain,—
Forlorn with wordless joy or pain,—
Would seek the hand's control,
And wake at last in one exultant whole
Of overmastering song:

*A roar of storm-swept woods! The beat of waves,
And streaks of meager moonlight through the dark;
Then peace upon the waters, calm in ocean caves,
And stir of early morning fields, where lark
And linnet still are reticent of song,
And all so right within the world that nothing can go
wrong.*

*If the blue sky would ever be so blue!
If the hearts of men would ever be so true
As now they seem!*

*Now, dawn on a far wide plain, and a slow river's
pace,
And rising morning winds across a flowery space,
And—follow, follow to the mountain's rugged base!*

*Up, up a stony way into the clear and high.
The heart will ache so, here, to think that men must die,
When all so beautiful a world around will ever lie.*

A Memory O Memory, no more, no more!
The hyacinthine brow bowed long ago to death.
Still are the ivory keys; forever closed the door;
The rose and cedar, mingled in a breath,
Are shadows mingled on the wall;
Year after year the rose returns;
With sunset lights the autumn burns;
Leaves grow old and fall,
And winter stillness quiets all.

LIFE AND DEATH

TWO angels, clad in untouched white,
Met, once, upon a highway near the sea.
One wore a smile of summer light;
The other's look was that the midnight has
When stars crowd close the solemn sky —
Tender, sweet, convincing.

This, a golden goblet, shining to the brim
With living water, pure and clear;
And he, that other, held a chalice
Dim and deep and empty,
Save for one half-clinging drop.
“Whither goest, angel?” said the smiling one,
While yet they stood, in doubt, apart.
“To yonder palace, brother sweet,
Unto the queen. And whither thou?”
“Unto the prince, her son, that is to be.”

“If must be, hand in hand we go,”
Said Life, and bowed his shining head;
“It must be, brother, but I follow thee,
And, lingering by the door, I wait
Till thine own errand is fulfilled.”

So Life went in; and Death awaited there,
Then, closely following, stood beside the queen.
The other pressed him back,—“Too late!” he cried,
“It is too late! she knew not what she did,
And snatched my goblet, drinking half.”

Life and " Yet would she rather, had she known,
Death Have taken mine," mused Death.
 " Ay, or no, I cannot tell," said Life;
 " For may the prince be better served
 With half, than all the lotted years,
 And may the world be better served
 With half a life this mother guides —"
 " Ay, or no, we cannot tell," mused Death.

Then, hand in hand, they left the hall,
And Sleep, soft trailing through the chamber-door,
Stooped low above the mother queen,
And lapped the infant prince in dreams.

THE RAINBOW

AS to the perfect round, ere it be gone,
My thought will flash that wondrous arc,
By sun and rain inevitably drawn
Upon the opposing distant dark
Of cloudy sky or thinnest lawn
Of hovering mist, I hark
To some clear voice that, like the dawn,
Arises, making morning in the mind.

It bids me find
The center of events that seem
Irrelevant as a dream,
The accidents of time and space;
It bids me never trace
The pattern of myself upon a life
To measure what may be its worth,
Nor think that, since I see no strife,
But only blue-sky living, joy and mirth,
I know the curve that sweeps away
Into the unfathomed soul's interior day;

It bids me frame, with lofty fear,
More purpose into day and year,
Since that I live at all may flame
Into a sunrise for a soul,
Or flare into a sunset of eternal dole.

It bids me draw
An arc of splendor without flaw,
Of faith and hope and love, these three,
About this point, this life; an arc to be
Full-rounded in eternity.

IN BLANK VERSE

PALATIRE

"PALATIRE,"—a name, and nothing more in
word,

Upon a leaning gravestone in the shade
Falling across that churchyard by the wood,
Where lie the generations of my race
Who held this land when living was a war
With elemental things. I knew her not
By any hearsay in my father's house,
And he, who, oldest, leaned upon his staff
To hear the preacher in the little church
On quiet summer days, but shook his head
And answered, when I asked, "None know! None
know!"

Often I went, when shadows slanted long,
Softening the white and gray memorial stones
And dimming darkened churchyard tree and flower,
Sat near, and thought of unmourned Palatire,
And brushed away the swathing grass to read
Once more her name and age: just "Palatire,"
Born such a time, died then,—from date to date
But seventeen years and three poor barren months,
The stormiest of the winter time.

Alone

Her grave was, yet near by the crowded row
That bore my own ancestral name on stones,
Here old and mossed, there carved with new device
From unstained marble. Other graves as old,
As low and sunken, lay in groups around,
But none like this, alone.

Palatire

As once I sat

In that still mood that marks the end of day
Upon the reverent mind, I heard the sound
Of wheels that stopped upon the graveled way;
But turned not, sheltered by the wall of hedge,
Until close by I felt the fall of steps
Deep in the deep long grass, and saw,— unmarked
Because they noticed not,— an aged pair;
She leaned upon a staff, but he, erect
And stately, led her by the hand with care
That meant the tenderest love, close to the grave
Whose loneliness so much had moved my heart.
“ This is the place, Salome; and here she lies
Who would have been my wife ere I met you
Had she not died upon that winter day
That else had seen us wed. Look up, Salome,
Dear Heart! Weep not for seventy years ago.”

“ O Heart, kind Heart, I weep to think what she,
This pale sweet Palatire, has missed and lost
In missing life and losing you,— these years,
These lovely years of joy and grief with you.
Had she no kindred that she lies alone ? ”

“ She was the last of name and line, and turned
In grief away from her old home to find
Some balm in western lands for loss and dearth.
One happy autumn we together dwelt
In friendly neighborhood, and then we found
That home to each must mean a home for both;
And then she died. And restless, I could stay
No more where nothing was that did not speak
Of loss. Westward, away to wild, unbroken wood

I went for change medicinal to mind,
And, hewing out from forest deeps a home
Of field and orchard, caring not for whom,
I found at last the peace of mind and heart
That patient purpose gives, and better light
Upon the ways of God confirms.

Palatire

Years passed,
And I met you, whom first I saw because
You stepped like Palatire; and when you spoke
Some trick of voice like hers awoke the thought
That yours was such a soul. I looked with eyes
That had not cared to see a woman's face and saw
A clear soul look from eyes as clear, and marked
The slender hand, the moss-dyed gown, the coil
Of brown-black hair with curlings at the neck,
And went and walked the woods and thought of you,—
Of Palatire, and then,—you know the tale,
For I have loved to tell it oft to you,—
How I loved you for Palatire, and still
Loved both the more, the more I dwelt with you.
The story of our life,"—

But in the dusk
They passed; I heard no more but wheels
That crunched the graveled path, then echoing hoofs
Receding in the dark. Nor ever knew whence came
Nor whither went these lovers of the days
Of olden time.

I broke a trailing branch
Of roses from the hedge and in the dusk
I laid it on the grave of Palatire
And marveled as I sought my woodland trail
Upon the gracious tears of sad Salome,
Upon the love of seventy years ago,
Alive and sweet, unchanged in those sweet souls.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE rose a star; heaven-circling ways it kept,
As other stars, and shone to men as they,
Or less, or more; but as I looked, its rays
Concentered on the darkened truths of life,
Upon my vision, never clear and whole,
Full flashed with whitest light.

“But therefore, then,
I have not named this heavenly star the sun
For all men’s lighting?” Nay, but yet to me,
The visual angle makes that star the sun.

I march upon this parallel; I never say
How shine the stars from that. I do not know.
It is a truth of awe that I can use
The stars to find my bearings as I go;
Of joy, that other eyes from other points
Find theirs by whatso stars or sun they choose.

A SHEPHERD OF MEN

“NOW thank the Lord for this,” said Barasan,
“Though I must dwell among the hills and fields
And feed my sheep, while other men in tents
May take their ease; though I must wear coarse wool
Nor eat except that I may live and serve,
I am not, therefore, pent in mind, nor scant
Of soul, in want of visions. You forget
I have the stars; they speak to me by night
And march in white processions up the sky,
While I look on and name my joys by them.

“And you forget: I have a friend I saw
And heard — but never spoke to,— once: that priest
Who dwells above among the rocks, away
Far off, half up that mountain blue; his light
Gleams down of nights until I think it seems
One more upon my strand of mercy-gifts,
The stars he dwells companioned of no less
By day than by imperial summer nights.

“I do not know him, but what then? I know
What I should hope to be if I were he.
I saw him once and marked what kind he seemed:
A dark-browed man, and large of frame and will;
Steady of eye and thought; he might have led
The battle-lines of kings; he might have held
The reins of nations; yet he chose just this,—
To lead men’s souls until they learn to go
In white through all the dust and moil of life,
Then on to larger living, better ways.
‘How hath he done it?’ I have wrought this out
Upon my hills, among the brooks and fields,

*A Shepherd
of Men*

At those still times the flocks would choose to rest;
The sky, the soft white clouds companioned me;
Yea, Maracandan solitudes are mine,
And no man hinders that I think my thoughts.

“Thus I conceive my priest — though only once
I saw his face, and heard his compelling voice —
Did choose his lot and make it holier still
As he himself grew on to larger life:
First, there was struggle in his soul; for that
Some touch he would not own had made him see
His will were evil were it all his will.

“Long, long he would not yield; and long he strove
Beneath the stars, beneath the blue of noon,
To prove himself his own. A gentle hand
He dared not thrust away lay strong on his;
And in his heart he heard a voice that said,
‘Thy will is not thine own; but make it mine,
And then it shall be.’ Still did Pharimond,—
Thus is he named,— resist and look away,
And strive to hide the tumult in his soul
From his own soul.

Then on a day there came
A message from the king: ‘Come, lead my chiefs
And all their hosts.’ At thought of conflict flashed
His face, his eyes, with splendid wrath and fire.
The Hand withheld. Yet would he not so yield,
But fled away among the rocks of barren hills
And took no food nor rested many days.

“At last, beneath a lonely platan-tree,
O’erweighed by his sad heart, he slept in peace.
As in a dream, he saw approaching far
Along the stony vale a shining troop,
That seemed on errands faring through the world;
And all the throng passed on, while one came near,
Who bore a golden scroll, a pilgrim staff;
The silver mist of his white robe swept round
Him like a cloud, enfolded Pharimond
Like some great hour of peace; the Face shone down
Upon him where he lay, shone through him,—soul,
And self, and body,—melted his hard will
And clarified the cloud of self, till cloud
It was no more.

Then he was left alone;
And in his dream the staff lay by his side,
The scroll lay in the hand of Pharimond;
And in the dream he rose and read the scroll;
But what he read I cannot tell, nor would,—
Although I know,—for he, as now I think,
Would tell no man.

When Pharimond awoke —
You must believe! — there lay in his left hand
A yellow platan-leaf, and near his right
A stout dry branch with curling bark half-shed,
That fell away and made a perfect staff.
He stood one moment there, adjusted thought
And life to some new impulse, then with leaf
And staff he followed through the vale the way
His dream had made the angels go.

*A Shepherd
of Men*

Near by

He found a trickling spring and drank new strength
From out his platan-leaf, that folded deep
Into a cup. Ripe berries to his hand
Thrust out on branches full. Why, once, myself,
I found them, when too faint to think 't was strange!

“Haply you think my friend mistakes his call
That lives a mountain hermit, far remote?
So I, if to himself he lived. But take
That path which leads by yonder platan-tree,
And follow by, until you meet him there
Upon the mountain side. Sit one hour still
And hear him speak of other worlds than this,—
But O, of this, and life forever, life
Here and now, and of duty, heaven-decreed
And beautiful. Hear him speak; then
Go mark what you must be to other men
All your days after. Thus he lives in lives
All through these vales and hills; in barren wastes,
In palaces and huts, and tented fields,
In potency of life and thought, infused
In soul of peasant, soul of king.

See, now,

My flock will feed along the evening's edge
Until the moon looks over yonder hill,
And I must follow on this other way.
But you must find him. Yonder is his light.”

BERYM'S PARABLE

THUS Berym to his mates, among the sheep,
About the hillside folds at set of sun,
Babbled a story ere he slept the sleep
The weary love:

Three swords to his three sons
An ancient king of eastern splendor gave;
Save two, each hilt all other hilts outshone;
Save two, each blade might never meet and match
With equal edge, and those in brothers' hands
Were turned from each.

The eldest prince, child-wise,
And eye-prudent, so precious held his gift
He hid it in a box of carven oak,
Lapped 'round with nard in scarves of Maracand.
The second, in a pleasure play of arms
Next day, lost his and laughed away the loss.
From nine great battles conquering came the third,
The youngest prince, whom time, nor chance, nor
place
Had found unguarded of his father's gift.

AS IT BEFELL

PHIRAL strode homeward in the early dusk,
A sickle on his arm. Between the trees
Along the wooded path lay yellow streaks
Of sunset. A little streamlet from a spring
Loitered among the cress and widened there
Where herds returning stopped to drink.

Onward

He passed and hardly knew he saw at glance
A moth of dingy wing lie sprawling flat
Upon an ox-track pool. Smiling he went,
Thinking of her he loved: "O tender heart,
And gentle hand — and gentle hand? I think
I see her now. She would have lifted out
The little moth with pitying words."

He turned,

And stooping found the half-unheeded pool
And set the creature on a hazel twig,
And singing crossed the meadow-land below.

Years, but scarcely years, went by, and she
Of tender heart and gentle hands was now
Fond wife to him and mother to his child.
And life and all went healthily and well.

Now in that land the king was sick and lay
Slow languishing. "Give me," at length, he cried,—
As sick men use, wanting they know not what,—
"Give me to eat of roasted apples, fruit
Of that high garden-tree I love."

“ Yea, lord,

What chanced has no man told ? A blight of worms
Fell on the orchards here in all thy realm,
In blossom-time. But four days’ journey brings
From Valore’s hills the fruit thou cravest so.
Royal word and gift discovering out
Of all thy youth the swiftest, him shall send.”

And Phiral was the swiftest; him they found
And sped in double haste to serve the king.
And Phiral’s wife took counsel of herself,
Thinking how their one little child would miss
His father’s face and weep un comforted.
“ Why should it be so long ? Four days and nights
Will make my darling ill, and all for what ?
One tree bears apples all as good as those
Upon another; all’s the merest thought,
If you but will. Too far is Valore’s land.
Turn thou aside and take thy way to Lorm
And get thee in at Barvan’s gate, that soon
Thou mayst return; the better for the king,
For thee, and me, and little Svane. O haste !”
Nor Phiral nor his wife looked far before:
Blind love unmixed with forethought led him; her,
The thing that centered in the moment’s need,
Hers or her child’s.

Phiral took the hill road,
Then turned aside and came to Barvan’s gate,
Beside an inland lake, weary at dawn of day;
But all unresting till his errand’s end,
Right forth he set with what he came to seek,
Wrapped in a silken scrip, embroidered thick
With mystic dragons and a golden crest.

As It Befell Now Barvan nursed hate against the king, sought
A road to slay him by bare treachery;
For he had failed in arms in open field
Thrice, yea, four times failed, in even battle-line;
But guileful still in low subjection lived.
Apples he gave, ruddy, and gold, and ripe,
And in their heart a subtle powder, sweet
And deadly.

Then when Phiral, from the crest
Of Lorm's last highland, saw the waning day
Glittering on the king's blue towers afar,
He fell a-thirst, seemed to himself all one
As dead, but resting chewed dry wayside leaves,
Took courage, and fared on across the plain
Through miles of trampled dust. Far spent, at last,
From thirst and weariness, and weakness, heart
Gave way and down he sank upon a knoll
Panting, "Why should one die with food in scrip?"
He took and ate of Barvan's gift, and rose
With thought of home and wife and little Svane;
He rose and ran, and as the sun went down,
Fell at the city's gate, crying, "The king!
Save him!" with a great bitter cry and died.
And seeing the king's crest upon the scrip,
Though hardly they could take the silken bag
From out his grasp, men bore it quickly on
To the king's palace, to the ailing king,
And he died, slain by that subtlety,—slain
By that chance along with Phiral. Nor court
Nor people knew.

Then reigned another prince,
And years went by, and Phiral's son was grown
A mighty man at arms; the king took joy
Of him and set him over all his hosts,

Made him friend, close comrade of his repose,
Counselor to his throne through evil days.

As It Befell

It chanced there was a knave in prince's garb
About the king,—keeper of his own thoughts,
Silent and cold-eyed, observant of ear,
Stealthy of spirit, one that plotted much
In crass day-dreams his own aggrandizement.
But ever Svane kept to the simple ways
That never hinder men from living long and well,
And dwelt untrammelled in his own first home
Where still his mother, mistress of his heart,
Lived and loved for him — how else? — in the round
Of her small world, each day as it arose.

And Svane wrought the king's will with sword and
word,

And all the people were at peace to till
Their lands and tend their flocks, or make their mart
Among themselves, by land and sea. But Doure,
The knave-prince, grumbled in his palace hall,
Until his wife, a princess wise and gentle, said,
“Patience, my lord; the king will give you place yet
To do the thing you would. His armies lie
Expectant in their tents.” But Doure's one thought
Was “Svane, Svane! Ay, 'tis ever Svane,” and
sulked

And crept away to think.

A young moon's arc
Hung low among the yellow stars,— between
The purple and the gray that meet the blue,
Banding, all three, the early evening sky,—
And lighted Svane forth and back, among
His garden plots and arbored paths and glades
Of scented shrubs, and crossed his troubled thought
With brief cessation.

Ay, now, for Doure is even now— But if
The king knew, yea, to-night, Doure's head would fall,
And that poor princess and the child, his son:
My mother pleads for them: that Doure
May fail, that I may ward his treason, save
Him alive, and never tell the king all;
And take the traitor in my hands and hold
His waywardness in check and make him serve
His duty to the king,— and keep the three alive.
'The wife,' my mother weeps, 'the little child!'
Yet when had not the innocent to suffer
If those they love are guilty? Doure must die!”

But Svane's mother, all awake, rose and met
Her son, took him full-armored as he stood,
And set him by her bed and made him see
And feel her way: less haste might save the two
That else would die with Doure. So Svane's mind
turned,
Saw not what might befall between and failed
Of natural tenor. So he slept, all be,
In armor, by his door, and not at peace.

Now whether Doure's envy, his traitor mind
At work betimes, despite his craven heart,
Drove honest sleep away, the tale tells not,
But something led him forth to walk at deep
Of night between the dawn and that dim hour
When palest stars withdraw and leave the brightest
Waning, a cold wind blows, and sleep is heaviest.
Slinking by Svane's garden, even to his door,
There he found the sleeping warrior,— there
Wounded him to death and left him bare words
Enough to warn the king. And so Svane died;
All was ended for Phiral and his line.

Whether, then, as some think it ought to seem,
By reason of the people's wrath, Doure came
To death, or fled beyond the western plain
To Barvan's high-walled city, certain word
Has no man had. But the knave prince's child
In later years fell heir to Barvan's crown,
And Lorm's empire,—scrolls say not how,—
Except as son of that wise princess, wife
To Doure, whose record ends where it begins
That she was wise and gentle all her days.

NEPHRAN AND THE LAW

THUS Nephran made discourse unto himself,
Walking at eve beneath the sycamores:

“ Alarion says that Nature — God — fails not
To punish evil-doing. Ay, a priest,
Alarion speaks as a priest should speak, I grant.
Were I a priest, this thing upon my tongue
Should be and help to get my bread as well.
But I am young and strong and free — my own,
I am — and no man hinders. Would I, think,
Endure that freedom should be hedged about
For harping like to this? So, look at me!
A score of times have I done thus,— and thus,—
That he denominates wrong,— and look at me!
Who is so strong? Who goes so far and never
Tires? Or who sleeps as I? And I will think
Alarion is a fool, or Nature is, or—”

.
Nephran bows low above his only child,
The last of seven; agonizing seeks
To save the feeble flame of life alive;
He chafes the little hand, the poor lame feet;
He lifts the helpless head, and holds the cup
To lips that smile, but, drinking not, try,
To please the face that hangs above,
As the blue eyes widely open, glistening,
Seem to say. . . .

THE VISION OF CYRLEON

CYRLEON walked a mountain path at noon
And met an angel by a flower-lit bush,
Azalean white and gold. Strength of limb
And learning's pride had lifted up his head
To think no fear; the heavenly vision fronting him
As might a man abashed him not.

One word

The angel spoke, or seemed to speak, and lo,
Cyrleon saw the shine of cities far,
And domes and towers, and lands he knew not; saw
The ships that went, the caravans that came,
And heard the noises of the nations; heard
The wail of one bewildered child, forlorn
In a forest; the flutter of a leaf
Upon a nameless grave; a cricket's song
Down in the plain below in his own field.
With hand and smile he bade Cyrleon look
Across the daylight sky, the noonday blue,
And lo, the sweep of worlds innumerable,
The secrets of their paths, their destiny,
Their doom.

The seraph touched a glowing flower,
Azalean white and gold, and straightway came
The hidden craft of wood and field before
Cyrleon's eyes; he saw the shade-born fern
Erect her crozier, the moss unwind her threads,
The leaf grow up, the rootlet seek the dark;
He followed to its cell the silken mouse
With bead-round eyes and stripes of brown; he marked
The woodbird's weaving skill, the grouse's wiles
When she would hide her leaf-brown brood
To save herself and them; he counted o'er
The convolutions of the snail's thin house;

The Vision Nature gave up belovèd secrets, all
of Cyrleon At glance, to him.

But proud, undaunted still,
Cyrleon stood and eyed the angel's guise,
The helmet white, the shield of white, the vesture
Like the light of dawn; slow gazed and wondered:
Perceived not yet that heavenly messenger
On heavenly errand fared; far less perceived
That errand was to him.

So, up and down
Staring, he marked a gleaming chain that held
Beneath the white-sheathed sword a casket white
And wondrous, such as mortal thought conceives
Nor makes not. Around it rayed light like flame
Of midnight stars. Cyrleon saw, amazed,
Impelled, and knew.

The angel spake no word,
But looked with wistful eyes upon the man.
"Great angel, I have read the flower, the sky,—
Have read the world before me at thy will
Constrained, yet this is naught if thou withhold
To show me all."

The angel spake not yet;
Stooping he plucked away from clinging earth
A pebble, granite black and white. "Read this,
Then read thy heart," his look, his gesture said.

Cyrleon gazed and paled but nearer stepped,
With flaming eyes. "Show me the casket,—show!"
"Nay, if I show, never again canst thou
Rejoice in thy great knowledge. If I show,
Thy pride will die, and thou upon thyself
Shalt look remorsefully, as man sees not
Nor yet has seen himself. Choose and abide.

If I show not, thy pride will live until the end;
Thine eyes will be withholden not to see;
Thy thought shall never speak what thou hast been
To thy sad heart, and all thy life shall go
As it has gone, treading its rough-shod way
Across what thou dost call thyself, thy soul.

*The Vision
of Cyrleon*

Cyrleon, trembling, pale, with outstretched hand,
Strode forward. "Lo, I choose; now show!"

"Abide

And learn. It is thy destiny. Thy doom
Were not to learn, and worse; therefore, I came."
Pitiful, the angel gazed into his eyes,
Yet stern his face, his form, then quickly laid
The opened casket in the impassioned hand:
What seemed a human heart lay beating there —
O strange illusion, dreadful semblance! Could it be?
Cyrleon's heart of hearts, his life of life.
Wounded it was, until no spot for wounds
Had space thereon. Forlorn and bruised it was,
And other marks of dealing furrowed it more deep,
Nameless and wordless, the deepest and the worst;
Cyrleon's quickened soul knew how and why,
With sudden revelation striking sharp
Athwart his ignorance and pride of mind and self,
That was, — O piteous thought! — no higher self
In that which made him man, not woman, born
Than that dull clown's who ploughed his field of corn,
There in the vale below.

"Great angel of my God,"

He cried, down falling on his face to earth,
"Myself I did not know, — that self the beast has, —
Except as thinking what it would must rule, —
As being Nature's gospel, therefore right;

*The Vision
of Cyrleon*

Excepting as the world's way taught, and self,
Complacent, followed on unthinking. Yet, at worst,
I numbed my thought. I would not see, not know.
O why, if arrogant I thought I knew,
Was light withheld? And why silent they
To whom vocation was to speak, give light?
That friend, from his high vantage ground of love?
That priest? Sanction most they had. Could it be
That they, even they, unto themselves the truth
Obscured? Where was the light my father had?
Why went my mother to her grave and made
No sign to me? The soul has highest right
To knowledge of its dwelling-place. O why—"

"Hast thou been blind to all that lies around?
Wherefore has that proud mind of thine not wrought
Out wisdom for thyself and thine, as for
The creatures dumb that serve thy land and thee?
How couldst thou guide for good to thee and thine
Thy field-beasts' lives and bring to better height
Their welfare so, by ever taking thought,
Yet miss the thought that law of life is one
In beast and man? In what mean cavern lurks
Thy soul? On what low levels battens all
Thy thought of life? Look up, and forth, and know;
Look in and verify. Live where the Lord
That made thee set thee lines to find the highest good;
And know forever that if thou wouldst love
And fitly live, thou in a Siege Perilous
Must ever sit, ever lose thyself
To find thyself. Know this, then thou shalt know."

Then ceased the voice; the vision faded, passed,
Ere yet Cyrleon's heart could make its cry
Or give him strength to lift his fallen face.
"Angel," he cried in agony, "O come
To me again! Say if the wounds will heal."

*The Vision
of Cyrleon*

No voice came back; from spaces blue and bright
Above the mountain, slow winds breathed and fanned
The white azalea flowering to its fall.
And all was still upon the mountain-side
Till set of sun, except Cyrleon's thought
That moved through rounds of grief, through gyres
Of shame and wrath alternate, comforting
In naught. But at early star-time a strength
Returned to take him home to Ara there.

So fell he at her knees abashed, and weak,
And wordless, till his grief had spent itself.
Then all his tale he told, her tender hand
Upon his head, comforting, and her tears
Falling, falling. After, she pondered much
This vision of Sir Galahad, the knight
Blameless of Arthur's Table Round of old.

IN THE GARDEN

ONCE I lay dozing on a summer day
Beneath an oak around whose shadows swept
The garden paths my neighbor owns for me,
A "Phaedo" fallen from my drowsy hand,
And lying open on the clipped cool grass.
From daughters of his house, two fairy girls
Whose infant daring makes their ways a joy
To childless men like me, I heard,—or dreamed
I heard,—much cunning wisdom there in this:

"Now, Am'ranth, look! This is a golden dish—"
(She showed an acorn's empty grizzled cup)—
"Like that we read of in the book at home
About the king's great dinner in the hall;
And I will bring us honey from the rose,
The red rose by the hedge,—that is the best,—
A golden dish for you, and one for me."
And then the talking fairy tiptoe stood
To spill its dewdrops in her acorn-cup.

Thus led to fairy-land, spoke in its lore
The other little maid and turned and laughed:
"And I will get the bread, white bread and sweet,
Upon some pretty plates for you and me."
(Petals white, I saw, of roses, laid in heaps
On round nasturtium leaves of tender green.)

"This book,"—the honey damsel thus went on,—
"Tis not a pretty book, he will not care;
This book will make a table wide enough."
And here she spread her fairy meal of bread,
And set her bowls of honey on the words,—

His very words, O Plato,—his who drank
The hemlock! But on I drowsed to hear
The feast proceed, half-minded, too, to join;
Yet, fearing I might break the lovely spell
And turn their honey back to dew, I slept
With eyelids circumspect.

“That hollyhock
Shall be the tall man with the sword that stands
Behind the king; I am the king, Am’ranth,
And you may be the queen.”

“You have no crown,
Ellice; how can you be a king at all?”

“Well, I can make one of this white bell-vine,
And here is one for you; now let us eat.”
But lo, the wind had spilt their honey on my book,
And their ambrosial bread about the grass.

And so they gayly laughed and said, “Let’s play
Some other thing,” and ran away. And now
I hear their laughter, sweeter than the brook
That echoes with it from the garden trees.

GRATIAN BY THE FOUNTAIN

“YEA, I am that Gratian; and I stood by
And saw, as all the cohort, there among
The olive trees, where he, the Man,—they said
He was a Galilean,—came fearless forth.
And I fell prostrate, face to ground — ‘From awe?’
I know not, yet I know I could not choose,—
They could not choose. My brother was the chief;
He says the Man was else a wizard, or a god,
For he, my brother, fell, the strongest man
In Cæsar’s guard. A Jew there was that stood
With us, and nearest me, there in the press;—
’T was he that led us to the place. I heard
Him curse and felt his breath across my cheek
And drew away the hand his mantle touched.
Next day, I saw a withered tree with leaves
Heart-shaped that hung like clots of blood; they said
That black-browed man of wrath hung dead upon it
Before the dreadful hour which put the sun out
And covered all the world with darkness chilly
As the grave’s mould and terrible as death.
I know not, but I saw its leaves all dead
That were before so tender with the glow of spring.

“ ‘That darkness was?’ Ay, so, that darkness was.
(Sit still, thou restless child beside the fount.
Crowd not my feet, young Varus, into shade;
I like the sunshine better now than thou
Canst like the wrestling games at school at play,
Or sight of lithe long tigers in the dens
Along the circus walls.— Run, Lelia dear,
And bring me figs from that low-branching tree
Thou knowest I love,— the yellow, not the blue,—

And hasten ere I tell the tale of wolves
That dwell among Carrara's hills.)

*Gratian by
the Fountain*

‘Didst see
Him near?’ Ay, so; it fell to me that day
To stand and watch; and with the rabble crowd
Of raging Jews I saw that Man who spoke
No single word, but looked—he looked a god
That had no fear of men! And yet as one
Who could have wept for men. They buried him
When he was dead.—Nay, ask me not,—dead, dead,
He was, I say; I saw them take him down.
Shaken with the rocking earth was all around,
There in the dark when he gave up his breath
And died. And I was one who watched at night
Beside his tomb. O, what I saw and heard—
Let me tell this:

I know not if the gods
We serve in Rome be gods; them have I seen
In no time of my life; when I have called
At sorest need, none seemed to answer; thrice
In battle was I hurt, as ’t were to death;
And once by robbers was I set upon
In arms with two who watched a road with me.
Left for dead we were, all three; Varus breathed
Enough to say, ‘Live, Gratian; kill with my spear
That Captain of the thieves; ’t is Barrabas; he
That slew my father; ’t is my father’s spear.’
He died, but Sextus never spoke; all three
Were soldiers of the guard; they two were dead,
And I lay fever-smitten with my wounds
A month ere I could speak to tell our tale.
Then in that city times of tumult rose,
And when I walked the streets again, a storm
Of trouble swept Judea’s world; but Rome

*Gratian by
the Fountain*

Was mistress; Rome was power by shore and sea.
But everywhere the Jews were many minds,
Mostly evil toward our gods; unagreed
As touching theirs, and swayed among themselves,
Torn by factions, bitter even to death
And prison walls.

The Man whose tale you seek?
Him I knew at Nazareth; he made a chest for me
Of cedar wood,—a boy, there, in the shop
Upon a certain narrow street that crept
Thus, and thus, toward the hills as 't were the way
The shepherds take. Some said the Boy grew up
A trifling man that went about among
The country places idly babbling words
Of strange import to gaping crowds,—strange words
Of what he most averred he was; some said
He cured the sick, ay, raised the dead. I met
One man who showed both arms and hands as whole
As yours,—a common man I once had known
With withered, dead right arm; but he was scorned
By his own people if he said 't was so.
Ah, well, 't is hard to know the truth, I find,
Even when you see and hear; but none shall wrest
From me these things I know, because I saw
With open eye. What I do know, I know.
And so men say of me,—‘ Ay, Gratian knows
What Gratian says he knows.’ Well, then, believe,—
You may believe,—these other marvels that I tell:

“ Yes, when he died upon the cross, the sun
Was darkened and the earth trembled; some say
That greater wonders were, for from their graves
The dead came forth and walked the streets and praised
The living God. 'T was dark, the earth *did* shake;
These things I felt; but those I know not of.

Aulus, my centurion, was afraid; he cried,
‘This *was*, this *was*, the son of God!’ We watched
Together at the tomb; we saw the stone rolled back,
But who came forth, or what, we saw not,—no,—
For we were blinded, thrown to earth by light,—
A blaze of wondrous light,—and terrors shook
Our hearts till we were near to death; for hours
We spoke no word,—were dumb as are the dead.
There was a man, a little hawk-faced man
With piercing eyes, who held a thumb-pinched coin
Beneath the face of Him they killed, and cried,
‘To Cæsar, thou hast said! So shall it be,
Thou blasphemer.’ And there was one who mocked
With bitter laugh,—O, none showed pity,—none!
But most I thought,—and still that thought will come
At night when I am waked by dream of Him,—
He was a god, and I to Him beholden am;
And glad the feeling is, for surely, then,
If there be gods have I seen one; and life
Must still go on wherever He may be.
Ay, so I will believe, I will believe.’

THE ROMANCE OF A CLOD

"I SEND you here,"—with his own hand he wrote,—

"From this far land wherein I journey with my knights,

A golden gift. Care for it, I pray you, Sweet,
With that same love you wait my coming hence."

Then to her inmost secret room the Queen
Rose-red with joy, yet stately, as a queen
Befitted, went that none might see her heart;
Unlaced the silken wrap and on the seal
Let fond eyes rest, ere she the gift would see,
The open box of jeweled gold; and lo,
A lump of earth, a dry, unyielding clod,
And nothing more! A far-brought gift, a king's
Unto his queen! A clod of earth — a queen!

Pale grew the queen, and reddening wrathfully
She wept, sweeping aside her falling hair
That dared its gold against her girdle's gold
At lowest length let down.

"Some evil tongue
Hath slandered me. And now he loves me not;
Alas, what must I do? O lover — king,
My heart is true to you,—is true to you."
Her tears fell fast upon the hateful clod,
That yet was dear that he had sent it,
Though, indeed, in hate.

With face tear-dimmed,
She pondered long, and then in twilight's dusk,
A sad white shadow, sought the garden dear,
That one fair spot of his and hers where none
Dare come, and near a willow-pool she stooped

And hid it in the earth with tears; with tears
That might have crumbled kinder clods, not this.
And thus, the insult hid, she lived, nor spoke
To any of her grief, till he should come.

*The Romance
of a Clod*

And on a day of wide blue sky, and air
Like inspiration, came the herald of the king,
The king himself, in cloth of gold and pearl,
And blue; a crowd of noble knights on steeds
With white manes lifting, falling like the mists
Of some white morning.

Down impetuous,
Down sprang the king and clasped the queen {nor
marked

Her stately coldness, but with joy led on
And said, "My love, my only love, now show
How thou hast kept my gift. By this," he laughed,
In over-joy, "it must be like my queen,
In gold and white, yet not so sweet and fair.
It shall my omen be, of love, of life with thee,
And peace with all the world."

Tumult of soul
The queen's faint heart made mute, while she led on,
She scarce knew how or why, to where it lay,
The hateful gift that made her grief. Behold
A regal flower of gold and white, of white and gold
With perfumed presence wide, above the grave
Her hands had made in wrath of tears and shame!

"O love," she cried, "I did not understand!
I did not understand! And I have wronged
In thought,—O, not in heart, my king, for still
I loved you." On his breast she wept the tale
Until he lifted up her sorrowing face
Into the tender light of his own smile.

*The Romance
of a Clod*

Along by marble shapes at dusk they passed
Through garden lanes that led them to the court
Where brave and beautiful awaited them
With joyful homage.

But nor marble shape
Nor noble knight nor dame could touch the heart
With beauty like to theirs. A lily lay
In white and gold upon her breast; her hand
Upon his arm; a glory as of light
From some supernal goodness in his face
Shone full before them all.

And yet the queen
At soul of all her joy bore one sad thought,
"I did not understand! Ah, woe is mine
That I must say, 'I did not understand'
When love was speaking." . . .

A PARABLE OF APPLES

A YOUTH named Jair, wise and strong and proud,
Yet full of cynic judgment of his kind,
With scrip and geologic hammer, climbed
Into the mountains on a summer day,
Away from college and the busy town.
With scrap of eocene, and speckled boulder, gray,
And garnet-veined, with shell and geode round,
He felt his shoulder weighed, and so began
To heed the tale more recent,—not less true,—
Of hunger, heat, and thirst, himself exampled.

Then opportune he came upon a farm
Encircled in a gracious mountain vale
By field, and wood, and stream, and orchard fair:
One tree, with golden apples, one side blushed,
Seductive boughs hung out above his head;
He plucked and cut the fairest; black and dead
It opened on his sight. A second—Ah!
His shuddering hand a hateful worm had cleft;
A third, dead ripe and hollow, filled with ants.
No more he plucked; impatient, sore, he turned
And swiftly sought the farmhouse on the hill.

The farmer resting in his noonday shade
A cordial welcome gave and smiling spoke
In fond and boasting words of crop in field,
On hills, and garden; of orchard,—“Betty, wife,
The dish of Blushes from the porch.—Now, look,”
He said, “the very best that grows on tree;
Fill up your pockets, lad; they’re juicy, fine,
For days like this. Nor mildew marks this tree,
Nor worm, nor spot.

*A Parable
of Apples*

Why, now, I wonder, boy,
You did not help yourself along the road;
I should not grudge."

He smiled, "Your boasted tree,
To me inhospitable, gave three times
But worthless fruit, and so I judged the whole."

"Why, listen! Betty! Hear'st thou that?" he
laughed;

"He says our famous tree deceived him thrice,
And so he would no more of it, no more,
Because just three were bad,—just three." Low
laughed

The farmer, fanning with his braided hat.

"So have I judged my fellow-men," mused Jair,
Along the mountain road. "So have I missed
The essential mark and hit one lower with pains
Not wasted had my arrow missed a star."

AN INVITATION

THE MARRIED LOVERS TO A FRIEND

COME, O friend of Both, and see our home!
A cottage neighbored by a friendly brook
That sings, or sings not, as we choose to hear,
But winds its own sweet way among our trees,
And, meditating, musical, wanders joyously
Below into the open wood beyond,
Alert and singing on through unknown ways
To seek—but not to find!—another home
As dear.

We two,—O summer sweet and long!—
We two dwell there, whom oft the early stars
Find walking through the flowery garden ways,
Silent with joy, or gay with tranquil speech;
Or yet they find us on the vine-woven porch
Listening to the streamlet drop into the wood
To wake the troops of echoes there asleep
And chase their music to our ears.

We two
Beside the friendly stream live such a life
And know what silent thoughts move each to joy
When wakening orchards blossom up the hills,
And sweeten all the May-time morning airs;
When warmer glows of summer paint the skies;
When apples drop, red-ripe, among the grass
Through all the silence of the autumn nights;
When, all leaf-strewn, our wood is gray and still,
And faded is the grass beneath the snow;
Thus our two lives together run love's perfect way.

Enter our little home, O Friend of Both,
Its dearness let us share to-day with you;

An Invitation And take into your thought of us its peace,
Its humble harmony and beauty take,
Its books, and flowers, and pictures, dear and few.

Come touch this thing of music till it sings
Of light that never fades away, and joy
That grows far down among the roots of life.
Or by this window sit and see how near
We hearken Nature, who can come up close
To overlook what life we live, day in,
Day out, and praise, or chide, or smile.

These grapes,
Pale red, and lucent green, and purple-black,
The hand of Rosamund hath intertwined
With leaves for you; this perfect peach of gold
Among the topmost boughs I sought for you;
This branch of amber plums, the bloom on yet,
All these are morning thoughts of you; her thoughts
And mine, for you, O first of friends to us,
Whose hand laid on our growing souls and hearts
A shaping love and steady sympathy;
With infinite expenditure of faith
That draws its hope from memories unnamed,
Whose source lies deep among the years long gone,
We know it now! you gave us this great gift—
(Ofttimes misread, or half-conceived, half-heeded,)—
Your inner life, the closed-up volume of your heart.

Nay, we have seen and known, when we half talked
Within the soul's most inner shrine, how you
Secretly did lift us toward a star
Long risen to your horizon, but yet, not yet
To ours; and, thinly veiled, your life's ideal
Still walks beside you guiding us;—and ours
That shall be, so are yours, and blessed forevermore.

ULAN, THE STONE-CUTTER

. . . In silence rose
The King, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool."—*E. R. Sill.*

OF men much praise
Wrought serf Ulan all his days,
Much marble praise;

Year after year
Cut and carved without a peer
To love or fear.

At set of sun
On a day full well begun
His work was done.

Of Ulan, then,
Words were writ, a scanty ten,
By hurried pen:

"Serf Ulan's dead;
Olar's wisest hand, and head,
And heart," they said.

Then Olar came,
Olar, prince and lord of fame
And spoke his name:

"This Ulan, chiefs,
Dwelt in strange and bright beliefs
And had great griefs.

"From griefs he rose,
Just as, when a tempest blows,
And ruin sows,

*Ulan, the
Stone-Cutter*

"Some faint sweet flower
Opens in the calm first hour
After its power.

"In what he sang
Praise of some far splendor rang,
To hammer's clang.

"My windows know
Gardened Chiarno's quarries low
And current slow;

"From dawn to dark
I can count the strokes and mark
The quick flint spark

"When hammers fall;
Toils there many and many a thrall;
I know them all.

"Pavilioned here
Crowds of noble chiefs and dear
Bear shield and spear;

"And, yea, we know
Prince and knight less noble show
Than Ulan low;

"For, many a year,
You and I had wasted here
In sloth's career;

"You mind it well,
Time my jester's cap and bell
Had lost their spell;

“How all his mirth
Dead and ghastly was, and earth
Seemed nothing worth;

“How, many an hour,
Sulked I in my chambered tower
Distraught and sour;

“How in this plight,
One day, Ulan’s stroke of might
Flashed back the light.

“His blow on stone
Greater was than he had known;
It struck a throne.

“Rejoiced, I cried,—
Hope of pleasure yet untried
Then first descried,—

“‘Now send and bring
Ulan; he shall know the thing
To please a king.’

“Then under stress
Ulan stood in motley dress,—
A man, no less! —

“I, on the throne,—
Fool, I was to all minds known
Except my own,—

“When Ulan’s eyes
There met mine with sad surprise
And half surmise,

*Ulan, the
Stone-Cutter*

“ And bravely plead,
‘ Make for us a prayer,’ I said;
He bowed his head.

—‘ Ay, it is meet
Olar weeps now at thy feet,
Thou soul most sweet!’

“ Convicted fool,
Shamed, I found a bitter school
In garden cool.

“ You know how light
Bursting from that prayer of might
Did clear our sight.

“ Our sin confessed,
Life, it taught, was not a jest;
Mere joy its quest;

“ We saw life, then,
Forward move before our ken,
As from a den,

“ To some wide ground
Rimmed with broadening blue and bound
By fair hills ’round.

“ And prince and man
Learned then how to search and scan
His life’s whole plan.

“ Thereby we earned
Wisdom, till the world discerned
What we had learned.

“By me led on,
Foes you conquered, peace you won,
And wars were done.

“And praises free,
Knights and men, for this should be,—
But not to me.

“These good new ways
Ulan wrought in our bad days;
To him the praise.”

.
Then Ulan's head
Low they laid, and chanting said,
With solemn tread,

And sad and slow,
“Prince and lord from serf we know,
When trumpets blow;

“The man-king true,
Blindly missed we never knew;
Ah, late to rue!

“This is his hour!
Lay him where the great king's tower
Shadows the flower

“Of race and earth.
Sing, that deathless love and worth
Through him had birth

“In our dull souls;
Sing, that while Chiarno rolls
By deeps and shoals

*Ulan, the
Stone-Cutter*

“ To reach the strand,
Seek we still to understand
His one command:

“ ‘ O never stay!
Move ye forward. There’s the way
That leads to day.’

“ Here lay him low.
Chant no more; the river’s flow
Still speaks our woe.”

BY WOOD AND FIELD

PRELUDE: WOOL-GATHERING

ONE lock of wool from off this thorn, and one
From yonder shag of rock; a filmy third
From this dry tuft of thyme, and on and on
Up hill, down trail, in woodland vale and field,
I gather for my fancy's web and weave
As chance and time decree when day's delight
Is still enough for joyful living; still
Enough for comfort for the stress of days to come.

AMONG THE OAKS

I

BLUE are the skies; the warm wind trails
No cloud across the land,
Save yonder straggling stream of birds,
The blackbirds' nomad band.

II

The distant wheelman flashing sweeps
Along the hillside road,
Shimmers across the sight, is gone—
A guess, an episode.

III

The lark that loves these somber fields
Sings yet with summer trills,
Although November's sun slants low
On Palo Alto hills.

IV

These tufted groups of oak invite;
The field's gray monotone
Offers repose of thought; 'tis good
This hour to be alone.

V

O sov'reign oaks, with courage clear,
You go from strength to more!
Perennial praises spring from you;
You live and you adore.

VI

*Among
the Oaks*

Adoring still, your outward reach
Excels your upward gain.
How count you growth? Is height not sweet?
Is compensation pain?

VII

Twilights of purple, rose, and blue,
Soft dusks of green and gray,
Rest in your shadows, make of you
Fit place wherein to pray.

VIII

So tabernacled in this veil,
The thought is cleared from dust;
Pavilioned so, the soul renews
Her ancient faith and trust.

IX

For do behold the light stream in,
Through netted arch and dome!
It is the light that ever lives,—
“It comes from God, our home.”

X

The light that sun, nor moon, nor star,
Hath part nor pareel in—
Forevermore its lamp is lit,
Forevermore hath been.

XI

Howbeit Nature hints of it
In every flower that blows,
Love we her works for something less
Than that which through them flows—

XII

Radiance from the Soul of all
The Light that Was and Is,
That yet doth penetrate the chinks
And claim this clay for His?

XIII

Though worn-out creeds of yesterday,
Though sins of self and gain,
Thrust in opaquely, blur and blot,
But cannot wholly stain,

XIV

Across the hurry of our souls,
Through thriftless toil and haste,
There slants a beam we do not see,
To save our years from waste.

XV

O wherefore pine as knowing not?
And wherefore live so scant?
Why art thou alien, who wast born
Thine own hierophant?

XVI

*Among
the Oaks*

Before the altars of His praise,
Go forth, my soul, to lead
Processional and anthem choir,
Let Nature not precede.

.

XVII

Dear are the chidings of the oak,
And dear the field's reproof;
Nor wise are we nor wise have been
To hold our lives aloof.

XVIII

But still the world will claim its own,
And life go on amiss;
We fain would have the good of that
And yet hold fast to this.

WITH THE FIELD-LARK

HEARKEN,
Dear lark,
And tell me true,
I have reasons for singing,
But what have you?

“O the prospect blue,
The ground and the grass,
And freedom to roam there,
And a dear little home there,
When the night-winds come to pass.
What better, dear mortal, have you?”

Ah, bird
Of the relevant word,
What thou hast, and I think I own,
Let us not measure together.
The same sky and the same weather
Fall to my share of the world;
And all that is or shall be sown
Of field-flower or wood-flower or vine,
All that's furled
In seed of oak or pine,
Are as much yours as mine,
Are as much mine as yours;
Only, there are scores and scores
Of closed or open doors:
Many I enter thou canst not see,
And thy palaces are not for me;
But comrade to my thought thou art
In the blessedest part,
The joy of living, and faith

In what the book of Nature saith —
That life will all seem good
When the worst is forgot
And the best understood;
When we see that the blot
On the page is only one
Great shadow of self in the sun.

*With the
Field-Lark*

The preaching is done,
Little chorister; one little hymn,
Now, ere I go through field-paths dim,
Benedicite, the good night falls,
Benedicite, thy mate calls,
Benedicite.

IN THE FIELD IN FEBRUARY

CREEP, little mouse, clear out in the sun,
Unafraid, to yon moss-tuft; stop to nibble and run
Over knot-grass, in and out, under sheaves
Of gray weeds, among silky long leaves
Of wild oats, faded white in the rain,—
Stop to nibble in peace; make what gain
Of the sunshine thou canst; so will I,
Little friend, unaware as thou of the world;
Unaware, just an hour, of all but the sky
And the good sweet earth at my feet,
Where the springtime and harvest are curled,
Safe in the round of a seed thou mayst eat
Even now as a morsel, yet diminish thy share
In what is to come not one little meal,—
So full has been the sowing,
So great has been the knowing
Of all that 's good and fair.

There, where our springtime and harvest in keeping
Lie, in the root of the flower, in the seed of the grass,
In the hue of the ground and the moss of the rock,
Thou, little velvet-foot, art over-prying, over-creeping;
No fear hast thou that food will fail thee,
No thought can come or dread assail thee,
While this sunny promise of the spring
Gives thee warmth for wandering.
The sun himself constraint shall feel,
The stars shall lend themselves for clock,
The moon unbalance the world's whole sea
When the frost sets forth with gnome-like tread
Boulder by boulder, block by block,

To rend and shock
Granite and shale to make our bread.

*In the Field
in February*

Yet dare we boast out of our narrow wits
That we are favorites
Of law? Not while Nurse Nature sits
At times and frowns on thee and me,—
Not unaware, when all is said,—
Indifferent, clifflike, though I be ground
To dust, or thou be 'gulfed in serpent's maw,
Or either inchmeal chopped to gain
For some pert science one more note:
"Something smaller and more nearly round
The foramen, here, than in *Peromyscus* found!"

Little comrade, housed to rest,
I forbear to know thy runway, seek thy nest;
So wend by and shut my eyes
To the gentle enterprise
That has found thee shelter here.
Thanks for pleasure, friendship, peace
And all that gave the thought release.
Thou and I have lives that run
Safely coursing with the sun;
Thou and I may sleep or wake;
Day of judgment shall not break
Ere, recorded in our sphere,
Each shall in his place appear,—
Thou as safe as I, and I
Safe, because nor Life, nor Death,
Nor other creature God has made
That lives a spirit, or draws breath,
Shall molest or make afraid.

In the Field Now along the brown-gray plain
in February Stripes of sunlight, streams of mist,
 Seem to waver, seem to float;
 Purple are the hills, an amethyst
 Black Mountain is, and the further ridges
 Woven into one by fog's fantastic bridges,
 Veil their redwoods, pass from sight;
 So foregather clouds and night.

IN PALO ALTO GARDEN

BROAD leaf and narrow leaf,
Banner-leaf and arrow-leaf
Wheel in the sun and sprinkle
Shadow and sun-spot, stem-streak and wrinkle,
With gloom and with glow.

Palm and banana,
Sequoia and canna,
Rustle and whisper and shake
Sheafage and spear-point, and break
Leafage and shadow, and make
Mysterious word-hints that wake
Memory and feeling, enticing the thought
To a green world full of leaves, till 'tis caught
By a trick of bud-bursting, or play
Of a flowering spray
Like that of a place and a time far away,
With the old tale of springtime,
Yet with language and rhythm and rime,
Beautiful, strange, and new.

Now the sun, a gold ship in the blue,
Snaring the thought in his net, sweeps
Out into spaces, off into deeps,
Till the soul turns backward in terror and creeps
Into old limits, looks for solace to earth:
To something familiar of form and hue,—
To star-eyed verbena that crawls,
Like a child with head up in its mirth,
Toward the bright spot of pansies;—to the roseleaf
that falls
To the ground, resting surety enough that the world

In Palo Alto Garden Is tethered somehow, and cannot be lost
In the darkness of spaces, nor hurled,
Ere the day of its doom,
Out of the Hand that holds it, nor tossed
Into the furnace where dead worlds glow
Red hot, then turn to white ashes, and drift
Across the wide heaven, a dust or a gloom
That passes forgotten.

Ho, little flower,
Hast thou tethered me so?—me, unaware?
Bright-spirited, earthborn, lead me not such a race
As the sun leads. Keep to thy place
Predestined; keep to thy blossoming thrift;
Be a gay spot on the brown of the mould,
Be an odor, a ground-wreath, bless thine hour
Content with thine own proper dower.

Yonder beech, copper-leaved, symmetric, not overbold,
But respecting its forbears among strangers, seems
One kind of joy that Nature now knows
In expressing serenity, strength, and repose;
That linden, all a-honeyed, drones with bees
From its skirts to its crown. Every gain it has planned
By giving its thousands away out of hand,
Till the hives overflow,—till the sweetness pervades
All the lawn under-flowing this garden of trees.

What wonder is this, now? A dry stem of rose,
Dead past all hope, yet bright with a bloom,—
A chrysalis-miracle: wings and a spirit alive
Out of silence, and sleep, and the tomb.
Touch tenderly, shadow; rock softly, wind,
Till the folded wings, all a-tremble, uncloze,
Spreading like petals of roses that strive
From the twists of the bud to be free.

And I know Reason will say I have sinned
Against her, putting by what she thinks to be so,
Having measured and proved. But it is and shall be,
That thought for assurance will go
Beyond fact, escaping from doubt to the emblem still;
From emblem to Prototype; there, then,
How fixed are the feet, how secure is the way!
So, O my soul, why glance with a chill
At yon sepulcher, and why shadow the day
With a question of When?

*In Palo Alto
Garden*

Sea-green and golden the evening sky glows
In the west over purple-blue hills;
Pale gray in the east, and a tint of rose
That satisfies and fills
All the wistful spaces of the heart,
Late and low streams the sun
Over low field and vineyard; late and low
Sing the thrush and the wren;
And once more ere it be dark,
Once more sings the lark
To his answering mate; one and one
To the hedge the mottled quails run;
And red and round above the bay
The full moon, rising, ends the day.
The gray road glimmers; yonder is my way.

PALO ALTO HILLS

WHEN, some fair eve, in lands afar,
I walk where fancy wills,
And one shall say, "So beams that star
On Palo Alto Hills,"
It needs must be the star will pale
And seem less kindly near,
Than if, through tears, the voice should fail
To name a name so dear.
For tranquil are the days to me
And charmed from old-time ills,
By windows facing field and tree
And Palo Alto Hills;
There cloud and shine such dreamland show
Of purple and of mist,
I sometimes think I almost know
The look of amethyst,
And chrysolite, and chrysoprase
Of Heaven's foundation-sills;
And find the peace of heavenly days
On Palo Alto Hills.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ELIAN GRAY

I

YEARS of lone length, a joyless face,—
Your picture, Elian Gray:
But where you sit 'mid faded leaves
Sat Clare one far-off May.

II

The flowers down showering on us both
Made fair the checkered shade;
She hoarded them in her two hands
And sighed that they should fade.

III

Yet sighing smiled with lips content
In beauty so complete,
My heart, re-echoing what she felt,
Lay mutely at her feet.

IV

She saw not that I loved her,— no;
Her soul was slumbering yet;
A child of nature, simple, true,—
Would she my face forget?

V

We parted, and her troubled eyes,
Half-questioning, looked in mine,
With something in her lingering glance
I could not then divine.

VI

They say she grew to fair estate
Of noble womanhood:
But strangely grave; and unaware
That love was life's best good.

VII

They say she looked as one who waits
A step that would not come.
When other lips spoke praise of me
She smiled, but hers were dumb.

VIII

Ah, wretched, that my stupid heart
And inadvertent eye
Relinquished all that love could give
Through doubt's inconstancy!

IX

Doubt, not of her, but doubt of God,
And feeble faith that He
Designed for men much earthly joy,
And, least of all, for me.

X

This is her grave; the ripe fruit falls
Where blossoms fell before;
This is her grave; here all paths end
For me, forevermore.

OF A SONG AND A DREAM

(AN EXPERIMENT IN THE REFRAIN STANZA)

I HAD a vision at the dawn before the day began,
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.
And ever through it, bright and sweet, a lover's love-
song ran,
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

I saw a poet wrapped in thought beneath low boughs
of pine,
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.
And as he walked he wrote upon a tablet small and fine.
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

I spoke; he did not turn his head; he would not hear
me speak;
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.
The wandering wind blew back his hair and flushed his
youthful cheek.
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

His hyacinthine robes made murmurous foldings slow,
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.
As if a statue stepped, yet undisturbed did go.
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

The woodland birds above him flew; the flowers
bloomed around;
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.
Their joy was in his soul; he heard no other sound.
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

*Of a Song
and a Dream*

I paced beside him close; I looked on what he wrote;
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.
O rare! It was that poet of the perfect note!
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

That great young bard who saw the elder world in light
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.
And carved its gods and fanes in verse of marble bright.
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

“What said the tablets? What oracular saw I?”
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.
—Alas, Mnemosyne, alas, hadst thou been by!—
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

The Sun-god's tale told out at last, Hyperion's woe,
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.
From that long broken line, complete and whole did
flow;
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

Gold hair “of short Numidian curl,” a regal brow,—
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.
And on and on the tale flowed on, beyond all memory
now;
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

For ere my dream-resolve could learn the wondrous
rune,
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.
He hid it in his breast to hark that lover's tune;
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

He smiled; and all the forest seemed with springtime
bright, *Of a Song*
Then passed the dream and faded in the morning light. *and a Dream*
Along my lady's garden, linger, lovely stream.

“How could I lose so great a boon?” Nay, blame
me not,—
Though much the blame,—since this of all was unfor-
got;

A lover's love-song,—foolish rime, we say,—
Had power to turn that clear Olympian soul away
From thought's profoundest joy,—projection of the
forms
Of soul-created beauty, pastime pure that warms
All nobler moods of man and lights the facts of common
day
With splendor drawn to earth by song's celestial way.

But yes, 't is true; such loss has scarce a recompense;
Hyperion's tale! I, self from self, lack all defense.

SONG

A ROBIN sat on a willow tree,
Sing ivy; sing ivy.
“O where is my mate, O where are my nestlings three ?”
Sing ivy; sing ivy.
“The storm has beaten, the wind has chilled,
My nest with snow and hail is filled.”
Sing ivy; sing ivy.

A carline sat by her dead hearth-fire;
Sing ivy; sing ivy.
“O where is my mate, O where are my children three ?”
Sing ivy; sing ivy.
“The waves came up on the stormy shore,
And the boat returned, returned no more.”
Sing ivy; sing ivy.

SONG

WHEN YOU COME

I WHISPER to the roses in my room
They 'd best be sweetest now, and bloom
Out full, if they would bloom to be
All any roses can to me;
Mere roses I shall never see
When you come.

Then I command them not to bloom
In foolish waste to fill my room
With beauty now. Dare they be
Aught that any roses might to me
Unless their beauty you may see
When you come ?

Love, though they wait, or though they bloom
There yet shall live in my dim room
One rose of loveliest hope to me;
Its perfect flowering time shall be
The moment I your face shall see,
When you come.

THE LITTLE GRAY BIRD

O LITTLE gray bird in the dell,
All ashen gray and sweet and fine,
Your looks have pleased me passing well,—
Your taste in dress is just like mine,

For Ellen's dress is ashen gray,
And she is sweet and small and fine;
But there resemblance must give way,
For you are not, and she is, mine.

I hear you sing; you do it well;
I should have called your singing fine,
But Ellen's songs can weave a spell
That yours must lack, for she is mine.

Yet could I snare you in my hand
And so enslave your body fine —
Blithe little bird, dost understand?
I could not love what so was mine.

Yet could I coax you with a word,
To give to me your presence fine,
I doubt myself and much, wee bird,
If I could love what so were mine.

Yet were you Ellen, tender, true,
As you are you, and small and fine,
My life, my love would turn to you
As now to her, for she is mine.

PERHAPS IF WE KNEW

A N oak-tree sighed, "O Life, if I could sing
As the pine-tree sings of the epic sea!
But this mere voiceless murmuring—
To men, what can it be?"

A wandering poet, passing by,
Heard the lifting leaves a-sigh;
Of subtly-scented air
His soul became aware,
And memory waked and saw through tears,
The gentle joys of earlier years;
Out of a full heart flowing, then,
Came a comforting song to sorrowing men.

And thou, because no lyric frees thy soul to men,
In æolian harping like the voice of pines,—
Thou mournest? Perhaps some word of thine, dropped
when

A weary spirit passes by, defines
The path of joy and beauty through the wilderness
And thee— he knows not whom—he turns to bless.

A FOSTER MOTHER'S THOUGHT

MOTHER NATURE took a census, once, to see
If on the earth there could a mother be
Who loved her only child as much as she
Loved Earth, her child, in her entirety,
And,—joy to think!—she counted me.

For, when she listened at my heart, she heard,—
If prayer it was, or wish, or loving word,
Or any daring hope that in it lived and stirred,—
Some tender thought for him, the gentle youth,
Who is to me a loving son in truth.

And so she counted me, and never knew
I had no vested right within the line she drew
Round mothers who have title full and true;
She counted me, and placed me in that radiant row
Of mothers who her large way of loving know.

TO EACH OTHER

“WHAT would you have ?”
“ A Castle in Spain
Built out of my brain, my love,
Built out of my brain!
Some potent grain
To cure heart-pain, my love,
To cure heart-pain—
What would you have ? ”

“ What would I have ?
That Castle in Spain,
Built out of your brain, true love,
Built out of your brain;
For in Castles in Spain
You would cure heart-pain, my love,
I would cure heart-pain:
Love would we have.”

VERILY

A YOUNG knight found a gem of truth
Upon a fallow field,
And set as safeguards his bright youth
And his undinted shield.

But men denied with spear and lance
And shamed his truth to dust;
With argument and circumstance
Himself to death they thrust.

“Then died that truth?” No, no! It lives
And grows a gracious tree;
And ships that bear the fruit it gives
Sail now on every sea.

“The men who slew the young knight brave
What fate, the while, have they?”
They seek, for aye, beside his grave,
The truth they tried to slay!

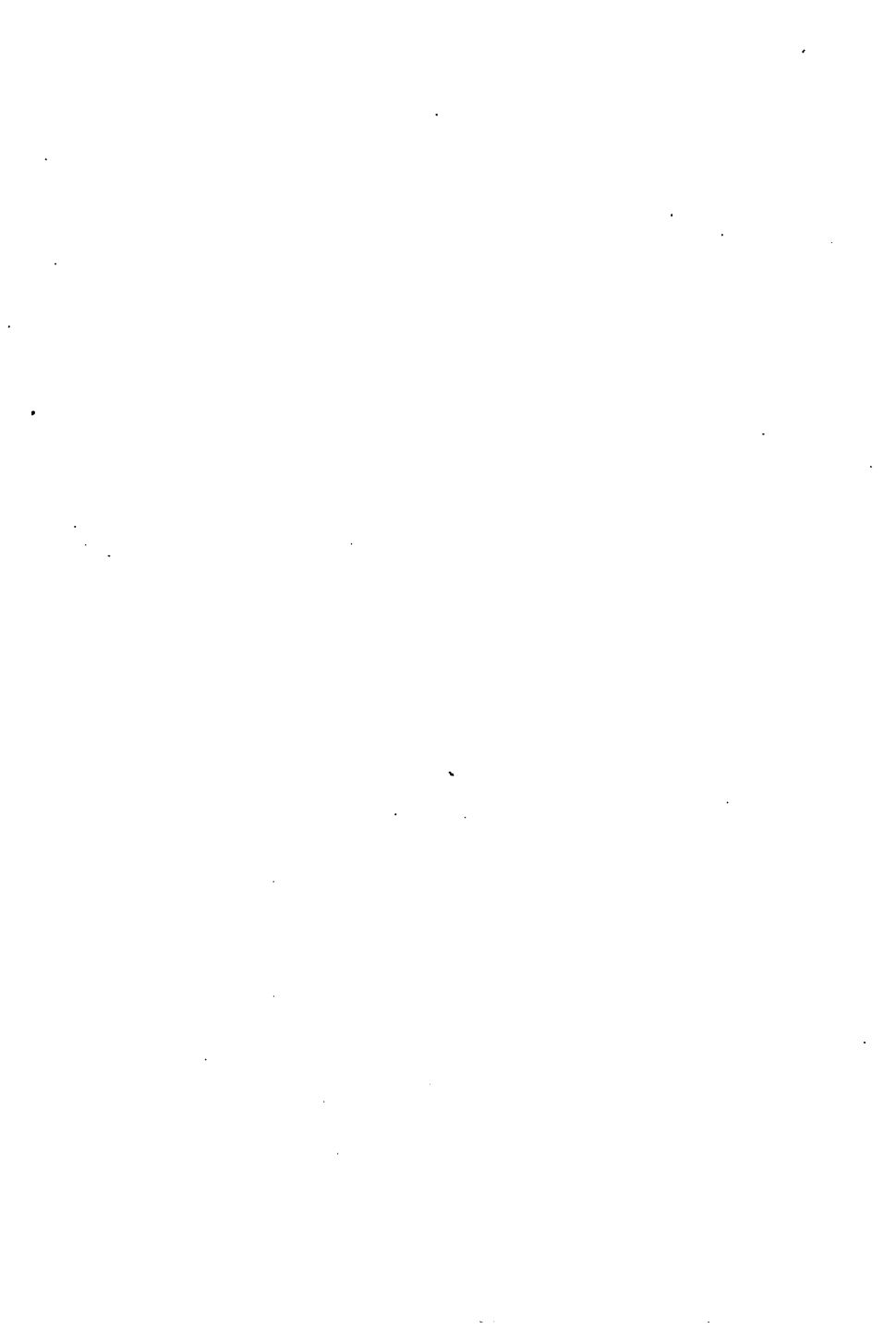
TO A. B. C.

I THOUGHT I knew all womankind,
The stately and the fair,
The sweet, the wise, the love-inclined,
The deft, the debonair;
“But never yet is one,” I said,
“For whom grave Clotho spun
A strand of life of all fair thread
And never left out one.”

But then, you see,
I did not know my A. B. C.

TRIOLET

SING low, thou bird of lingering note,
She comes along the poplar lane;
A white cloud 's in the sky afloat,
(Sing low, thou bird of lingering note,)
Above us both, yet less remote
Than she from me, a soul profane.
Sing low, thou bird of lingering note,
She comes along the poplar lane.



THE FALL OF THE LEAF

A CREATURE-DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

PERSONS

THE CHIPMUNK,	THE WEASEL,
CWINK, <i>the Neighbor Chipmunk,</i>	TWO DOVES,
THE THING,	A HUNTER, <i>with a gun,</i>
THE SNAKE,	A CHILD.

PLACE—*A wooded mountain-side in the Sierra.*

TIME—*Early autumn.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

PLACE—*A log hemmed in by a thicket.* TIME—*Afternoon.*

PERSONS—*The Chipmunk, The Thing, The Child, The Weasel, The Snake.*

THE CHIPMUNK [*at first running about the wood path, then stopping*].

There is a stir among the pine-tree tops,
There is a creeping low of wind among the shrubs,
A falling slow of here a yellow leaf and there
A red one. I know not what it bodes to me,
But I must make my home all safe and warm
For what is coming. I must fill my stores.
Here is a feather white of Lady Dove's;
I like her most; 't will help to make my bed;
And here's a strip of thin sweet bark,
A lock of wool, a shag of moss,—
I'll tear you, scratch you, yellow thing,
You feather of the sparrow-hawk I fear!
Kst! Ooh! Ooh! That's the track of the Thing!
Run, run! O Terror! Am I hid enough
Beneath this bunch of leaves? Let me look out,
Still,—still as the earthworm! And never rustling
In these dry oak-leaves. Ah, safe in my own cell,
My rounded cell in the big log
Among the berry-trees. The Thing can hear?
Let me not think!

The Fall of THE THING [*snuffing about*].
the Leaf

Where went that legged atom with the stripes?
I marvel that a beast so small should be so wise;
Here by the log it went,—up that tree,—there!
Is that its beaded head,—its white-spot ears?
This daylight pinches up my eyes to slits
I cannot see through, so these saucy mites,
These bush-tailed whiffets, find their homes
And leave me cheated of the sweetest fat I know.
That 's a white lichen-splotch, and I'll not climb.
He went not such a way, I think,
But in those rocks I scorn to turn aside
He 's lying flat. May the snake get him!

[*Lies down on the log and stretches.*]

There 's somewhat strange and tall that walks this path
And pulls the nuts down from the bushes here,
And munches like that lightning-footed thing,—
If I but dared to try its bones?—Hark!
He comes now.

[*A child goes by, singing and bearing a bough
of wild red plums.*]

Through the thicket screen of boughs
See him go by on two flat feet, and if—
There 's something rustles in the leaves or in
The log. The fangèd groundworm that I hate!

THE SNAKE.

I saw him creep in hither in a fume
Of terror. I'll coil me here where he must come
Again, and take him for my dinner,—so.
One streak of sun pours through the leaves straight down
As I would choose it. These dead brown leaves
And yellow blots of clay will hide me well.
Am I so ugly?—'or not, the Thing
Fears me.

THE CHIPMUNK [*in his cell in the log*].

*The Fall of
the Leaf*

Softly I'll weave my winter bed a while;
I cannot leave my home to-day for fear.
I am so sick of fear! I'll close this door
And make a way through that small chink.
There is the dove's feather, it shall go here
Where my head lies; and this sweet-smelling moss,
And the strip of silvery bark. Now one more cell
I'll make, and that shall be, then, three for sleep
And one for store.

[*The Thing stretches on the log above the chipmunk's nest, licks his paws, and purrs.*]

Hark! Is 't thunder? O me!
Something will hear my heart beat,—beat so!
Still,—be still as the earthworm;—still as the snail.

THE WEASEL [*coming toward the end of the log*].

Ha, ah! I've found your runaway, now at last,
You of the saucy stripes and perked-up ears;
I'll get you now,—now, little fool in the log.

THE SNAKE [*lifting its head*].

That hateful stoat! He seeks the little beast
That he may suck his blood.

[*The Weasel, unaware, creeps upon the snake.*]

Creep and ape me, will you? Take that, blood-sucker.

[*Strikes and recoils in his place. The Weasel creeps away and dies. The Thing, terrified by the rattle of the Snake, springs from the log and flees up the hill-side; as he runs, his foot loosens a stone which, rolling down, crushes the Snake and closes up the end of the log.*]

*The Fall of
the Leaf*

ACT II. SCENE I.

PERSONS—*Two Doves. Same place; time, next day.*

THE TWO DOVES [*he preening his feathers on the log
over the Chipmunk's nest; she swinging on an over-
hanging oak-bough*].

She. This was our oak-bough,
Here was our nest;
The leaves are estranged now,
All is so changed now;
We change with the rest.
O Love, change comes and snow.
Where, where can we go?

He. Lovely and warm and low
In the lowland air
Lies a home I know,
A dear home I know.
Come fly with me there.

She. I know not a tree
In the valley low
Whither to flee
When nightwinds blow.
Stay but a day,—
Stay, stay, but a farewell day.

He. Linger no more, love;
The valley is fair.

She. Here falls a red leaf,
There one of gold;
Here clings a dead leaf,
There loses hold.
Where are our friends, now?
Everything ends now.

*The Fall of
the Leaf*

The little brown beasts
Have left their nut-feasts;
The hermit-thrush glooms
In the thicket's dark rooms,
And the wee lonely wren
Just speaks to us, then
Hides himself and his song
Where the fir-roots throng
Over the cliff's high edge.
The sun finds the ferns
Where their yellow light burns
In the leaf-riven hedge,
Like that flash of bright flame
When the wood's blackened shame
Came upon it in summer's low tide,
And shriveled, and blasted, and killed
Whatever was wingless, and filled
All the world with burnt ruin wide.
We have seen it and known;
Ere our nestlings had flown —

He. Think not of that sad time.
Now many a glad time
In the far fields of spring
Is waiting for you.
Come, sweet wife and true,
Lift your heart, lift your wing,
Cleave we together, seeking the blue
Sky of the distant and new.

[*They fly.*]

*The Fall of
the Leaf*

ACT III. SCENE I.

PERSONS—*The Chipmunk, Neighbor Cwink, The Thing, The Hunter.*
Time, next afternoon; same place.

[*The Chipmunk and Neighbor Cwink, running on
the log, stopping at a knot-hole.*]

THE CHIPMUNK.

That's the door of my home. Keep away! I'll
scratch,—
I'll bite! But let us run up and down our playways
In the sunshine; but squeak not.

[*They run up and down to the end of the log and
back, and stop suddenly.*]

That was a leaf
From the oak; it rustled as it fell there by the bush;
And there's another dropping in the wind; but I'm
afraid.

That was a thrush hopping through the hazel thicket,—
But I'm afraid. I cannot see, though I stand up tall,
What the thing that moves is. Chizct! Chzit!

[*The Thing with his feet on the log about to spring
over. The Chipmunk runs up an oak-tree
and hides in a bunch of mistletoe. The Neighbor
disappears in a pile of stones.*]

SCENE 2.

Time, next morning.

THE THING [*lying down on the log listening*].

Aha, something chimbles in the log,—the little
brown-stripe beast!
Now I'll get him when the sun comes up above the
pines,

For he 'll come out to drink and climb the hazel-twigs, *The Fall of*
And stuff his cheeks; I know his kin and all their tricks. *the Leaf*

[*Purrs, dresses his fur, and dozes.*]

THE CHIPMUNK [*inside the log*].

It is the roar of some great wind; or the rain comes
From the thunder-place,—that must be the noise,—
and I 'll not stir;

Besides, I am afraid, and a shiver pinches down my back.
I 'll sleep some more. But there is Neighbor Cwink
Calling from the hazel-thicket; will he get the last nuts,
think?

So I must harvest a while till the rain comes.

[*Chipmunk starts to leave his nest. As he reaches
the door where the Thing is watching, there
is a flash, a loud noise, and the Thing falls
dead over the knot-hole, the Chipmunk going
back to his nest.*]

It is the thunder-fire; now comes the rain and I shall
sleep,

For Cwink and I can get no nuts to-day,

[*Cwink runs away from the hazel-thicket,
screaming with terror.*]

And something tells me that what would come has
come. I 'll sleep.

THE HUNTER [*coming up, turns over the dead body
of the Thing.*]

Ho, ho, unlooked for luck!

'T was you that killed old Topknot, and ate the chicks
Of Ruffleneck, and were whetting up for smaller
game,—

The little squirrel, nimble, curious, friendly,

The Fall of the Leaf A bare midget, silken-striped, that makes the big dark woods

So cheery with his antics. Luck for me, and luck for him
I came in time. By your leave, old cat of the Cañon,

[*Taking the Thing on his shoulder,*]

Go home with me and make a soft warm rug
For two small feet by the winter fire.

[*Hunter goes by, whistling "The Song of the Forest Children."*]

ARIEL AND CALIBAN

CALIBAN [*to* ARIEL].

LO, Ariel, now, I hunger; let me eat;
I weary digging these dull rocks;
And thou dost naught but fly and pleat
Thy wings,—braid in and out,—with fleecy locks
Of yon bright cloud; I see not where
Thou feedest, nor on what; to me
Thy hand is cruel that it has no care
Because I slave and starve, and yet must be.
Lo, Ariel, now, give me to eat,
And let me slumber in these sedges sweet.

ARIEL [*to* CALIBAN].

Eat, then, thou necessary thing,
These nuts and berries from the hedge, but haste
That so I need not stoop my wing
Below that cloud's gold edge, nor waste
The evening star but for a clod like thee.
Sleep, too, thou earth. Yet briefly, see!
'Tis loss that I must wait, while thou dost snore,
To measure great Orion's jeweled brand;
To weave into Homeric warp this island lore,
The woof of life upon this wondrous shore;
To say how many æons yet before
This circling panicle of worlds shall stand
In apsis, glowing Alcyone between;
Or make upon this earth a search so keen
No secret of the monad may escape unseen.

Ariel and [ARIEL *soliloquizes*].

Caliban

Feed? Who feeds but beasts? Who sleeps but clods?
This dull machine of flesh and bone
Needs little save a scourge of rods,
The mind of man is man alone.

What good were that brute force to find
And string in order on their thread
Those beaded stars, and so unwind
And hold one other secret yet unread?
Were that brute force to seize on Space, and bind
And match with Time that would not wed?
To fix relations clear of mote and star?
Or draw the limits, that, at widest, bar
The soul's outgoing to the near and far?

.

[*To CALIBAN*].

Wilt wake? Wilt wake, thou earthen earth?
Three hours are gone in sodden sleep!
Take up thy pick-ax, dig for me a girth
Of ditch about this rocky steep.
“And wherefore, then?” ’T were easiest to say
That thou may'st eat, thou worm, and I forsooth may
play;

But 't is that I may read with one sharp glance
Creation's tale writ out in rocky circumstance.

Do but my bidding; groan and fret
Unto thyself, and ache thy aches;
What mercy have I—Ariel—that forget
Fatigue and baffling, all that breaks
Such weakling things as, made of flesh,
Cry out and groan, entangled in the mesh

Of their own wants? Pure spirit made to be
Am I, and hedgèd round by no necessity.

*Ariel and
Caliban*

What, slave! Drag not upon my floating hem
The weight of thy dull hand. Away! Thy heavy eyes
Hold down my wings. Thy faltering nerve
Knits round me some quick-burning spell.
Away, thou slave! For Ariel shall not swerve.
Yet where is Ariel's power? I cannot stem
This flood of fire! I reel, I cannot rise.

[*Ariel swoons.*]

CALIBAN.

Ha! ha! I crush thee, airy fool,
Beneath the iron of a broken law!
I was thy sledge, thy edgèd tool;
Thy slave, with slavish form and slavish name,
Thy slave that could not turn and draw
His clumsy weapon on a soul of flame?
I was thy burden-beast that had no need
To sleep, or rest, or drink, or feed?
Lo, now, who groans and aches? Who cannot rest?
Who pines and starves because I will not eat?
Who grovels on the earth and writhes, at worst and
best?
And shivers when the sun doth rise, and would entreat
The stars to set, they are so fiery-full of heat?
Ha! ha! I suffer too! The jar-nuts pall,
And flat and tasteless flows the freshet spring;
And sleep doth never come to my loth eyes,
That wide awake but stare into the staring skies.
Unsteady is the voice that once could call
The jay's call back, and fool the gnawing thing
That hides ripe filberts in his grass-lined nest;

*Ariel and
Caliban*

But twice and thrice I care not when I turn to mould,
Ground over by the dew-worm long o' dewy nights,
So I but venge my slave-lot, cruel, cold;
So I but keep him back from seeking what he would,
With heaven-pointing wings, at dark or dawn,
From seeking 'mong the greater and the lesser lights,
For what delights him — that ethereal good
I know not, but, with hate-sword ever drawn,
Will hew and hack against, until I die and turn to
mould,
Until I die and turn again to crumbled mould.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

A WEDDING-DAY GALLOP

(EARLY CALIFORNIA)

GALLOP with me, love, away and away,
To the infinite blue at the end of the day.

Here at the gate
Crimhild and Brunswicker wistfully wait;
Up to the saddle, away and away,
Far away, far, to the end of the day.

Here by the river and there by the plain,
Here in the sunlight and there in the rain;
Off round the mountain's bewildering base,
Off at a joyously perilous pace,—
Off and away, love.

There by the sea, along the gray shore;
Across the dim desert, miles score and score;
Away and away and always with me,
Gallop and gallop forever with me.

Now by the sea!
Feet on the sand keeping time with the waves,
Smile on the lips and flush on the cheek,—
Now a smile, just a glance, all our happiness saves
Each for the other; that language we speak
As we gallop and gallop o'er weed and o'er shell.
Hark to the waves as they rise and they swell,
At the swing of the berylline sea.

A Wedding-day Gallop Now the waves gallop on like hounds at our feet,
And ever the wavering moments repeat
Crimhild's and Brunswicker's gallopings fleet,
 Along by the sea,
 The chalcedonine, wavering, berylline sea.

 The dun desert now!
Level sand, ever sand, not a hillock or cleft;
Lizard here, squirrel there, hurries right, scurries left;
Sagebrush and bitterwood mingle and flow,
Wavelike and serpentine, on as we go.
Shadow as scant as the dews and the damp —
 'Ware, there, good Crimhild! a snake coils to spring!
Ah, her foot cleaves him dead with a metrical stamp,
With a flash of the eyes like the flare of a lamp.
 Now a lift of white mane like the beat of a wing,
 Neck to neck she is matching black Brunswicker's
 swing.

 A palm-shadowed pool,
 Deeply dark, deeply cool,
Desert-girt, green-jeweled, alone in the land,
Like the emerald engraven I've set on this hand.
 Rest, rest in its shade here, thou heart of my heart.
Here's a cup from my scrip. Here is fruit ripe and rare.
Juice of citron, bread of snow, yellow figs in a rime
Of sweet dust; jellied cherries, white once on a time—
Dost remember?—in bloom overhead
When hearkened thy heart to the word that mine said.

Dim lie the blue mountains; and there waits the dusk *A Wedding-*
With a star in her forehead,—a home, O my heart, *day Gallop*

To enfold us and hold us; a gardened repose
Of lilies in alleys, and roses, and musk
Of ripe grapes from the vineyard, all agleam and apart,
In green oaken glades as my heart sees and knows.

As my heart sees and knows,
There's thy window, netted round with a jasmine that
gropes,
Overclimbing the purple of low heliotropes,
To look with its numberless stars on thy face,
And sweeten the garden with new-gathered grace.

.

There shines the home-candle, through alley and vine.
Home, home, at last, love,—thine, thine! And mine
Only so! Wide the gate, dear and blessed the door.
Now enter, and dwell, be at rest, heart and thought,
evermore.

So endeth our gallop, our day of all days,
Through the land, by the sea,
Through the desert wild ways,
Together, together, and always to be.

THE NEW HOUSE AND HOME

L. F. AND M. G. C.

REAR the walls and spread the roof;
Fashion stairway, hall, and hearth;
Lay the doorsill far aloof
From noisy highway's din and dearth;
Make the windows high and low,
That the pleasant rooms may know
Sky and garden, heaven and earth.
Yet from these the heart may roam;
These make the house but not the home.

Pictures, statues, dainty nooks,
Flowing curtains, hearthstone clear,
Loving trifles, use-worn books,
Heart-remembering things and dear,
Gifts of love and gifts of grace,
Meet the glance in every place,—
Who could not be happy here?
Yet from these the heart may roam;
They make the house but not the home.

Plant the rose-tree, train the vine,
Wind the smooth walks in and out;
Set the borders trim and fine,
That the paths may lead about
Where the garden ways are sweet,
Where soft grass beguiles the feet;
Yet from these the heart may roam;
They all may be and not mean home.

Add sweet music; will these stay
In his course the morning star?
Make our paths a perfect way?
Bring life's secret from afar?
Nay, life's secret is from near;
Worthless were these things that fade,
Were they all our anchor made;
Heart's love only keeps us here.
Ah! from this we can not roam!
This makes our house, this builds our home.

*The New
House and
Home*

NOVEMBER RAIN

'T IS morning, dim with quiet rain;
A cloud of blackbirds on the wing
Sweep out of sight
In rhythmic flight,
And leave for proof that they can sing
A heart-stirred memory of the spring
Reverberate within the brain,
That rhymes it with November rain.

'T is morning, gray with quiet rain;
A lark, from sight by earth-hues caught,
Alternate feeds,
And blithely leads
In sweet response of song my thought,
Until, I know not how, is wrought
An unpremeditated strain
That rhymes it with November rain.

A NOVEMBER POPPY

IN a low brown meadow on a day
Down by the autumn sea,
I saw a flash of sudden light
In a sweep of lonely gray;
As if a star in a clouded night
One moment had looked on me
And then withdrawn; as if the spring
Had sent an oriole back to sing
A silent song in color, where
Other silence was too hard to bear.

I found it and left it in its place,
The sun-born flower in cloth of gold
That April owns, but cannot hold
From spending its glory and its grace
On months that always love it less,
But take its splendid alms in their distress.

Back I went through the gray and the brown,
Through the weed-woven trail to the distant town;
The flower went with me, fairly wrought
Into the finest fiber of my thought.

GO FORTH AND TEACH

WHEN thou hast finer morals than the beech,
More inward grace than elm, nor less
Of outward patience, then go forth and teach
The hurrying city of thy graciousness
Enough to salt its bread and reach
Its blood and drive it, under stress,
To higher impulse, nobler thought and speech.

When thou hast learned its leisure of the grass,
Hast mastered for thyself its book of laws,
Then set the currents of thy life to pass
Through channels wrought by equal cause
To broader fields of sequence; skies of brass
Nor desert earth shall make thee pause
Ere thou, thyself, shalt treasure great amass.

Then thou shalt know that life holds all in fee,
As, worthy to itself, itself it makes;
That worth unto itself through this must be:
That to its neighbor, high or low, it breaks
Some loaf of life, and, holding thus the key
Of soul-relation to all life, it takes
Its joy from self-forgetting ministry.

MY BEECH-TREE

I KNOW a tree whose branches meet
Above my head, beneath my feet,
In arches green, in shadows sweet.

I know not whether now its leaves
Still whisper in October eves,
Or May its springtime splendor weaves.

It may be dead and turned to dust,
But somewhere, still, persistent trust
Believes it lives, is sure it must.

Though cooler reason would put by
This subtle theme with *how*, and *why*,
This faith survives,—it did not die.

Within my thought its branches wave,
Its rain-wet leaves my forehead lave,
It still gives all that once it gave.

Yet, half way up in its strong arms,
I sit and feel the thrill that charms
Its own cool life and mine from harms.

No leaf of it can ever fade;
In something of myself arrayed,
It was therewith immortal made.

SELF

YON jay that sits so pert upon the bough,
Though but an egg a June or two ago,
Knows now the universe was made for him,—
Was made for him for perch and nest,
No prettier logic in his head for proof
Than spiteful peck and hoarse *kul-leer*.

Yon lithe, long leopard, crouching there,
Where unaware the gentle deer crop grass
Upon this verdant earth of theirs,
Knows well that till he change his spots
The universe is his.

Yon baby in his mother's arms
Will have the newly-risen moon
To ease the ache of coming teeth
Upon its silver rim,—“Give me the moon!”
Dare you deny the universe is his?

Yon king, with millions at his beck,
Will prove, with blood and life not his,
The world was made that he might rule,
And men were made that he might prove it his.

Yon beauty, royal with youth's smile,
Must pick and choose the world's gifts o'er,
And keep and throw away at will,—
Now prove the universe is not for her.

O potent self! In bird, or beast, or man,
Assert thy place, supremely first,
But know there is a first that shall be last;
There is a last that never shall be first.

THE SHEPHERD'S MOUNTAIN

J. K. M.

FORBID me not, O friend, in birthday words of
praise
To speak in allegory thus of you,
With this excuse,—to wish you joy and length of days.

There dwelt a shepherd, once, beside the sea,
And much, they said, of books and men he knew;
But all his wisdom fragrance had of wood
Or field or mountain; words of his could be
Poetic with the waving of a flowering tree,
Or strong and serious like the bitter-good
Of herb medicinal; or they could move
With the majestic motion of a cloud, to prove
Majestic truths; but oft in parable they burned
With mountain images sublime, aglow
With light that always is; and oft they turned
To holy solitudes upon the heights, to show
That men might learn, like him, to go
Where they could meet with God, and know.
And now his words, men thought, of Shasta seemed,
And now with some Imperial Mountain gleamed,
Whereof he knew the secret places best
That give the souls of men supremest rest.

THE GREEK GIRL'S
INVOCATION TO ATHENA

O DWELLER in the holy mountain, hear,
And to my portals come, and, coming, flash
On all I am the light of thy clear eyes,
Thy unforgiving eyes, whose search I fear,
Yet crave as my release from ways unwise;
Complacent hours of mine have known the crash
And judgment of thine impartial spear,
And found its wounding better than caresses
Of her, that goddess of the Golden Tresses.

Athena, come. Door and window wait,
And porch and twining vine and hearthstone wait;
The table hath for thee the golden plate;
The chamber hath for thee the couch of state;
Oh, dwell with me, and be my word, my thought,
My eloquence of deed, that shall be wrought,
But only as thou plannest it to be,
When I companioned am of thee.

TO THE WILD PENNYROYAL

ROYAL little herb and wise!
Other plants flaunt out in gold,
Crimson tints or scarlet dyes,
All to catch men's careless eyes;
Humbly thou dost dream and plot
Still to live thyself forgot;
Choosest out a dwelling-spot
Underneath the forest-trees,
By the field's edge or the brook;
Up and down thine instincts look,
Gather forth their essences
From the maple and the oak,
From the briar-rose and the fern,
Spicewood bush and purple scone,
Elm and ash and clean-limbed beech;
Whatsoever these can teach
Thou hast art enough to learn
While thy little torch doth burn.

There thou dwellest, gathering in
Wisdom through thy fairy leaf;
All thy stems and roots begin
Patience' tranquil web to spin.
Thou forgiveness dost contrive
For the foot that brings thee grief,—
Nay, dost give to every thief
All thy industry can win.
Charity beyond compare
Surely proves thee more than fair.

*To the Wild
Pennyroyal*

Aimlessly, one woodland day
When 't was joy to be alive,
Turning from a foot-worn way,
But half-aware, my wandering feet
Trespassed on thy borders sweet;
Wafted upward and around
Came thy protest almost gay,
Almost praising what did wound.
But, prophetic, didst thou see
Out of what thou wast to me
Flowers of thought and feeling bloom
In these distant fields and days?
Prescient cunning, making room
Through my comfort for self-praise!
Cold suspicion — let it go!
Little didst thou care or know
That a moment's flash could hold
Summer glory, autumn gold,
Wealth of springs and winters old.

Comfort thee, thou little weed;
Thoughts of thee are dear indeed.
When a woodland wind blows down
From the hills beyond the town,
When a salt breeze from the sea
Brings its message in to me,
Grateful pleasure takes the gift
As the moment's golden drift;
Looks beyond the narrow street
To the fields and pastures sweet,
To the green waves of the bay
As a part of one more day;

*To the Wild
Pennyroyal*

But when Memory's hand unwinds
Distaffs dyed and spun and reeled —
(Whereof something each one finds
Labeled for the solitude
In the which his soul has set
Time, deliberate to forget!) —
Ah, when, Memory's doors unsealed,
All life's hidden things revealed,
Forgotten griefs, remembered good,
All remembered good that grows
In the halls of her repose, —
She to please my heart doth bring
Scent of this familiar field,
Breath of that beloved wood
Where thou growest close and sweet
As of old about my feet;
There, around in regnant groups
Stand the oak-trees and the elms,
And beneath them come the troops
Liberal Nature hastes to bring
When with giving she o'erwhelms
All the gardens of the wood
With the riches of the spring;
Then my heart owes this to thee,
That beside the Western Sea
Thou canst make youth's paradise
In perennial beauty rise;
Set the domes of beech-tree tents
Under gloom of Tamalpais;
Make red fields of clover glow
On the windy slopes below;
Mingle with the salt sea scents
Subtle breath of woodland bower,
Linden bloom and wayside flower.

*To the Wild
Pennyroyal*

Ah, the story is the same
That from ancient Scripture came:
Them of low estate He gives
Places which the great have sought;
Through the lowliest thing that lives
Miracles of love are wrought.

IN HERMITAGE WITH FANCY

THE clock strikes four. Deep starry skies,
A sinking moon, a jagged line of roof,
And mountain's far black ridge; my window frames
This picture dim for dim unwilling eyes
Too soon recalled from rest.

She stands aloof
There,—the dear angel, Sleep. With all her names
Of beauty, poet given, have I besought
Her tendance till the east turns red:
But nay, she will not! Farther still withdrawn —
Remote as those fair fables she once wrought
Of dreams for me, reluctant to be led
From fireside play.

Then come, thou Fancy kind.
We 'll will to dream with open eye till dawn,
Like Chaucer's little birds, and drive the day
To come, the day that 's gone, so far away
They shall not ope the portals of the mind
To let the world's affairing in, till the sun
Has waked the world.

Suppose, now, this:
We 'll build a pleasure-house for you and me;
I know a spring whose waters run
And skip along the mountain-side, most free,
Most like a frolic child. Azaleas there unfold
Their flowers, and there the budding clematis
Still starts with whiteness. And suppose, now, this:
That there we make our pleasure-house to be.
“ Built like to that the century's king of song
Once made for his own soul? Or like to his,

In Hermitage That other, with his friar and his room of pink?"
with Fancy Nay, now, not so! A log-built cabin, brown
With bark, a window in a chink,
And low of roof; a chimney — think!
Such as you knew when all the years were long,
And all the bars to pleasure-fields were down.

The clock strikes five:— and stars, and yet the stars.

We still will dream, for Fancy's loyal yet.
Go thou with me — for I can go — and stay
An æon in an hour, in hermitage
Among the mountains. I can lead the way
From here to there; and now the *there* is *here*.

Around this spot are prints of Nature's feet,
And ways there are to learn her counsel sweet.
For here she gives long leisure, days, and nights
Of peace, wood-silent,— fields of calm
And brook-led paths by beds of mint and balm,
The morning breath of trees, and darling sights
Of small shy birds among the sheltering trees.
Dost marvel, Fancy, why I choose not these
With dish of pulse and cotton gown
If need were, rather than the streeted town
And all that better it may seem to give
While in the stream of hurry I must live?

And here, at last, should I but choose to stay,
Invoking comrades with a scholar's daring thrift,
Might Wordsworth come familiar to my cabin door,
And sit to hear the flapping of my fire, and say
His words of tranquil wisdom. Yea, in joy and awe,
Might I hear Milton's unmatched lyre,

Beneath a sky, noon-blue, or all aflame with fire
Of mountain sunset, or in the roar
Of gusty rain, or sweeping, hail-white flaw,
Or in the eternal calm of starry heights,
In long, reposeful, heaven-clear nights.

*In Hermitage
with Fancy*

Here in some wild garden of the pines,
Of might I walk with Emerson, serene and sage,
And feel the calm of this old earth
Down to her center, up from her earliest age,
The dim and dateless era of her birth,
Filter through all his golden-worded lines.

Along pine-fragrant alleys, there would sweep a gentle
wind,

And Browning's Pippa singing her clear song
Would cross the web of sunshine it had spinned
Between the swaying limbs; a whole day long
(So large would be my leisure) might I, else, enjoy
The tender presence of Fidèle, or ask and wear
The ring of Canace, and learn your ways and words,
And be kindred with you close, you gentle birds.
But sure am I, whatever might befall,
One nearer than these kings of song should come
And teach me more than I can hear
In windharp, smiting leaves, or droppings clear
From rain-tipped boughs, or the orchestral sum
Of woodland sounds; and more than I can call
My own in bird, or tree, or flower, or all
That mountain color-glory,—bands of purpled mist,
Cloud-gray, night-blue, dim and misty blue,—
(Were it a purple now, or whatso royal hue?)
And all the glimmering lights and shades that hardly are,
They seem so little real, look so scarcely true,
So far removed, so far.

*In Hermitage
with Fancy*

Ah, he should come, that child-eyed seer
Who sang such gracious things of hill and field;
Who had companionship with star and wave,
With wind and brook, and loved the souls of men so
near

He feared to lose one chance to say his word
Before his time to go. Him have I heard
In very presence— from him have learned to save
My hour from trivial waste. Imperfect, so, the "choir
Invisible" about my cabin fire,
If he come not.

The mossy root, the leaf
That drops amid the affluent woods and dies,
The winding shell that greatens year by year
Its fairy crypt, the little ground-rose, dear
As morning— have I the thought that spies
Out these and not the thought to mark
When one has gone who made us smile with tears
And weep with smiles, or, at his winsome will,
Convoyed to stately dwellings through the arc
Prismatic of a shell?

Something more
It were to feel him living still,
Among us wholly, still our own
To speak to, smile with, learn from, follow.
The realm of thought is cold, from shore to shore,
Cold, and for the heart forever hollow.

To be alone, — always to be alone
With shades and voices though of Sovereign Lords,
Were that all well? Not once to know the hand's
Warm touch, the eyes' glad kindling from the heart?
Shall they not come, the living in these lands,
With those that live large lives apart
In lands we know not? Yea, my Fancy, hark!

Though now the noonday bards have flown,
The century's twilight shelters some to chant
Along the years that edge the mystic dark
Before a New Time's dawn. There are who weave
By paths of glowing life, their tales of awe
And make their songs amid the city's din;
There are who sing by hillside streams, and haunt
The glens of life. Now, what if we could win
These hither to this cabined hermitage
To live an æon in an hour?

*In Hermitage
with Fancy*

Secrets unraveled, go promise to them, and tales
Of the little wood-people that creep
In the thickets all dusky and deep,
Or hide in the rocks of the streams,
And play on the terraces mossed
Over with deer-grass and matted with leaves;
A thought's respite promise,— a breath of repose,
Just while the vireo another long strand
Into her new nest works and weaves,
Just while the dew is bright on the fresh-blown rose,
And wild-plums for the autumn planned
Break from their blossoms by light winds fanned.

And everywhere peace,— everywhere!
Pine-fragrant stirrings of air,
Sweet forest murmurs mysterious;
Gentle, serious,
Hardly heard
Callings of bush-dwelling bird,
They may answer in thought and in word;
Companioned by brook and by tree,
By Nature herself they may be.

.

In Hermitage The striking clock! The ended hour of dream
with Fancy Brings day. Now I shall never know
How real my Fancy might have made it grow.
The stars are gone behind a sky
Of veiling mist, and, white and high,
My window looks on things that seem
And are not in the cloud that fills
All space. There is no more a line of hills,
A jagged roof, but day, just day
That seeks, and forces, and must have its sovereign way.

ODE FOR FOREFATHERS' DAY

[*Read at the celebration in Oakland, December, 1887.*]

I

The heights at which we dwell we choose;
Horizon lines of prospect widen at the will,
Or, narrowing, frame the acre-land we till;
The far-spread blue illimitable smiles,
Or bends a pent-house dome above the dews
That bead our garden-plots; miles and miles,
The soul of fancy takes her soaring way;
With inchworm spans slows on the thing of clay.

Had he (saith one) the vision that could catch
True glimpse of sequence, overarching cause,
Then would he dare to make his doing match
His fair ideals; nor turn back, nor pause
For hindrances, nor faint to miss applause,
Until, one day, the towers of his ideal
Should rise above their city, tangible and real.
His aspirations should not fade and die,
Or, ineffectual, scorned to mere opinion, lie.

Had *he* (saith one) no clog of fate-imposed care,
He need not shame the truth and compromise
With what is false, and, dumb with self-despair,
Let live the lie that brings him bread, nor rise
To some great glow of spirit, and, self-disdaining,
show
His coward heart what highway it must henceforth
know.

*Ode for
Forefathers'
Day*

II

Not so those oceanic men who wrought
A track for conscience, laid its beams upon the sea;
With faith, large-limbed, held man-made strictures
naught,
And scorned the metes and bounds that said "Ye are
not free."
What to them were clog, or hindrance—end still
undescried?
And what were self, or calm, or peace unsanctified?
They saw the line of truth and duty
In rhythmic monotone move on,
And knew it for that line of beauty
For eyes of men divinely drawn.
This they chose, and, upward led, they saw
Glimpses far of Freedom's snow-clad height,
Of Liberty's blue dome and stars of awe,
And dawns celestial white.

Then seemed their limits narrower than the mind;
Then seemed a mortal lack in their own bread,
Sprouted from so thin a rind
Of juiceless Old World soil,
Of word-bound, dark-age thought,
That miserly repaid their toil,
With husks their hunger fed,
And, asking all, gave naught.

III

And so they left the land
No longer dear
Above the beatings of the heart,
No longer dear
Above the labor of the hand,

No longer dear
Above that dearest part
Of human heritage,
In every clime, in every age—
The freedom of the soul,
Supreme and whole.

*Ode for
Forefathers'
Day*

IV

And so they came
In beautiful Liberty's beautiful name.
And has no storied hand
Kept note of how the waiting land
Hailed the new-type man, square to the New World's
need,
Who thought no thought into a deed
That had no warrant in his creed?
Nay, none. Yet never symphony so grand
Came from the heart of man to men
As this that was their welcome then:

The winds their trumpets blew,
The white foam flew,
And far by sandy reach,
Along the icy beach,
A still-renewing cadence drew;
The dark waves dashed,
And the rocks their cymbals clashed,
And, permeant, the undertone
Of the diapason, deep and lone,
Of the all-including ocean overbore
The leafless diapente sounding evermore
From the forest on the shore.
Apotheosis of lamentation!
Restless, longing lamentation
Made the pæan of the planting of a nation!

*Ode for
Forefathers'
Day*

V

O symphony of symphonies !
O eloquence of earth and seas,
Beyond the reach of poet's rhyme !
Yet voices more sublime
Answered fitly there,
In the unison of prayer:

“ Father of all,
 Out of the sea
 We cry to thee !
 Oh, hear our call !
Out of the winter's cold
And the storm-wind's fold
We lift our hearts away to thee,
Into the warmth and light
Of thy love and care,
Thanks and praise we bear.
Thou hast brought us out of Night
Into Liberty's sweet air.
Father of all, ourselves we give
That thy truth may live.”

Outer wall and corner-stone of prayer !
Surely, temple edified so fair
The centuries will spare !

VI

As Homer saw the Prospect Wide, nor knew
The bounds by Nature set, nor dreamed nor thought
 to dream
How great man's mind should one day make it seem,
The Pilgrim Heroes, from their mount of vision, drew,
With eyes of faith, a far perspective, true

To God-given promise, yet to them too dim
For all surmise, except obedience to Him.
In a land they did not know, transplanted side by side,
Their love and hope and faith, these three, till now
abide.

*Ode for
Forefathers'
Day*

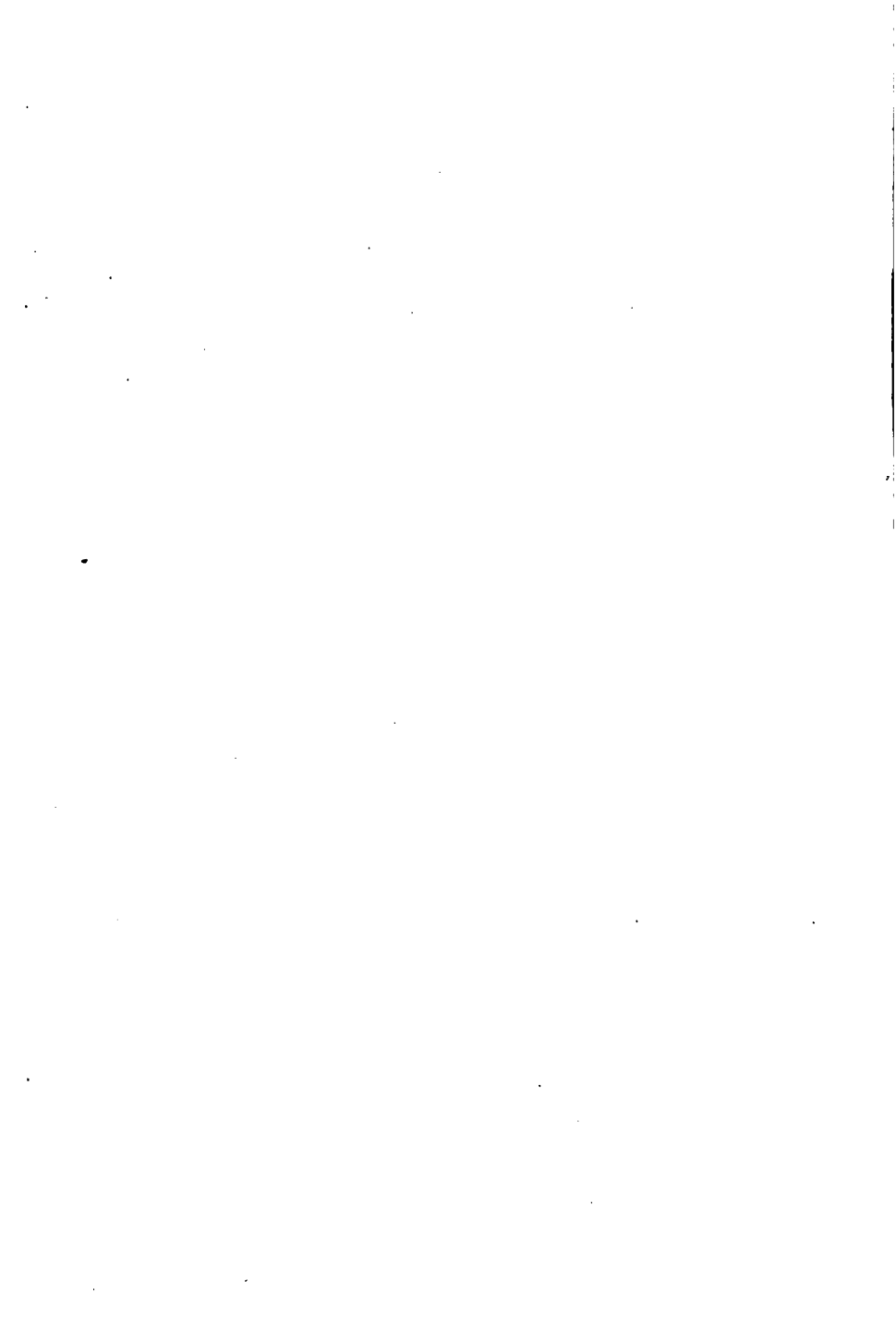
VII

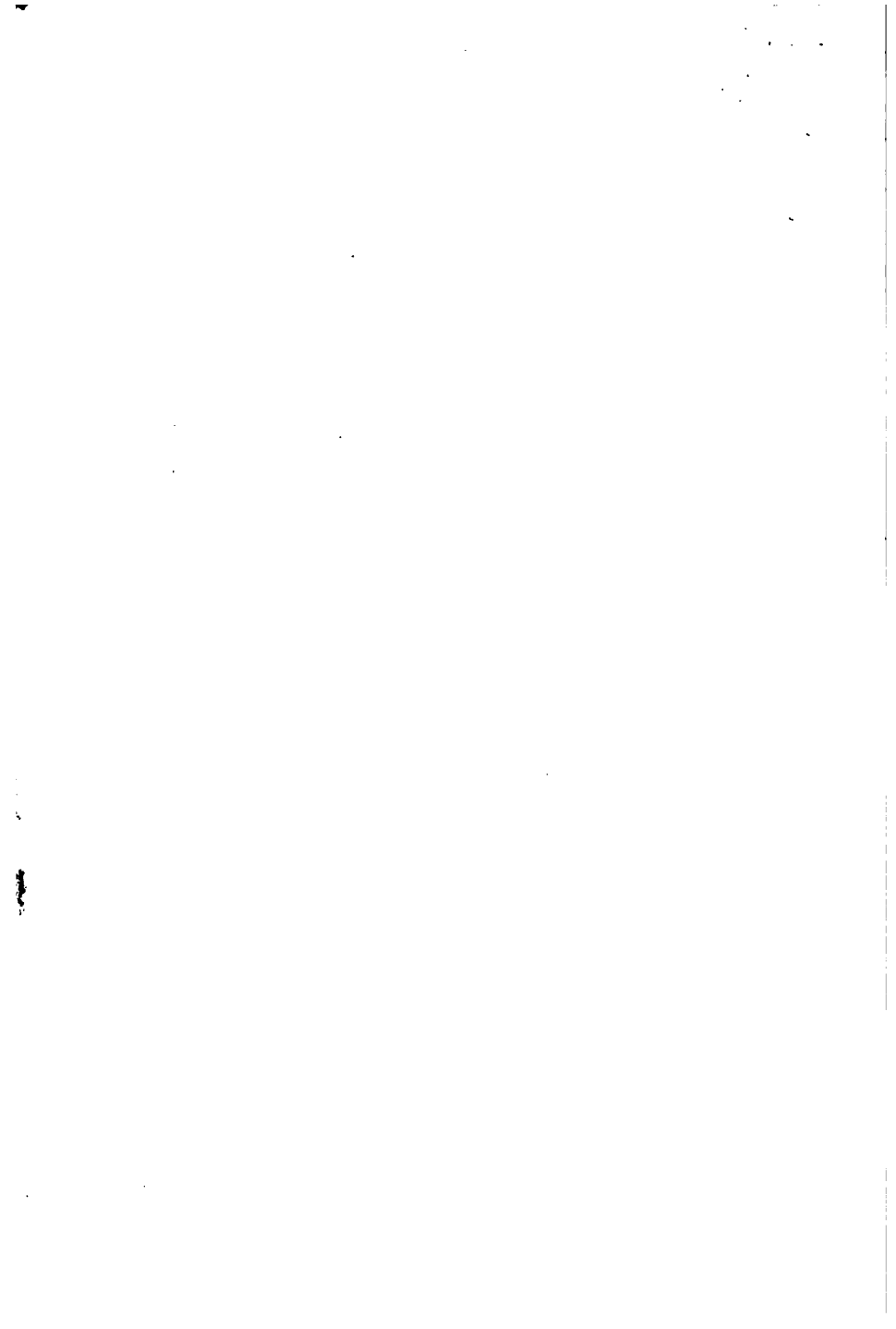
They wrought — not thinking of themselves they
wrought! —

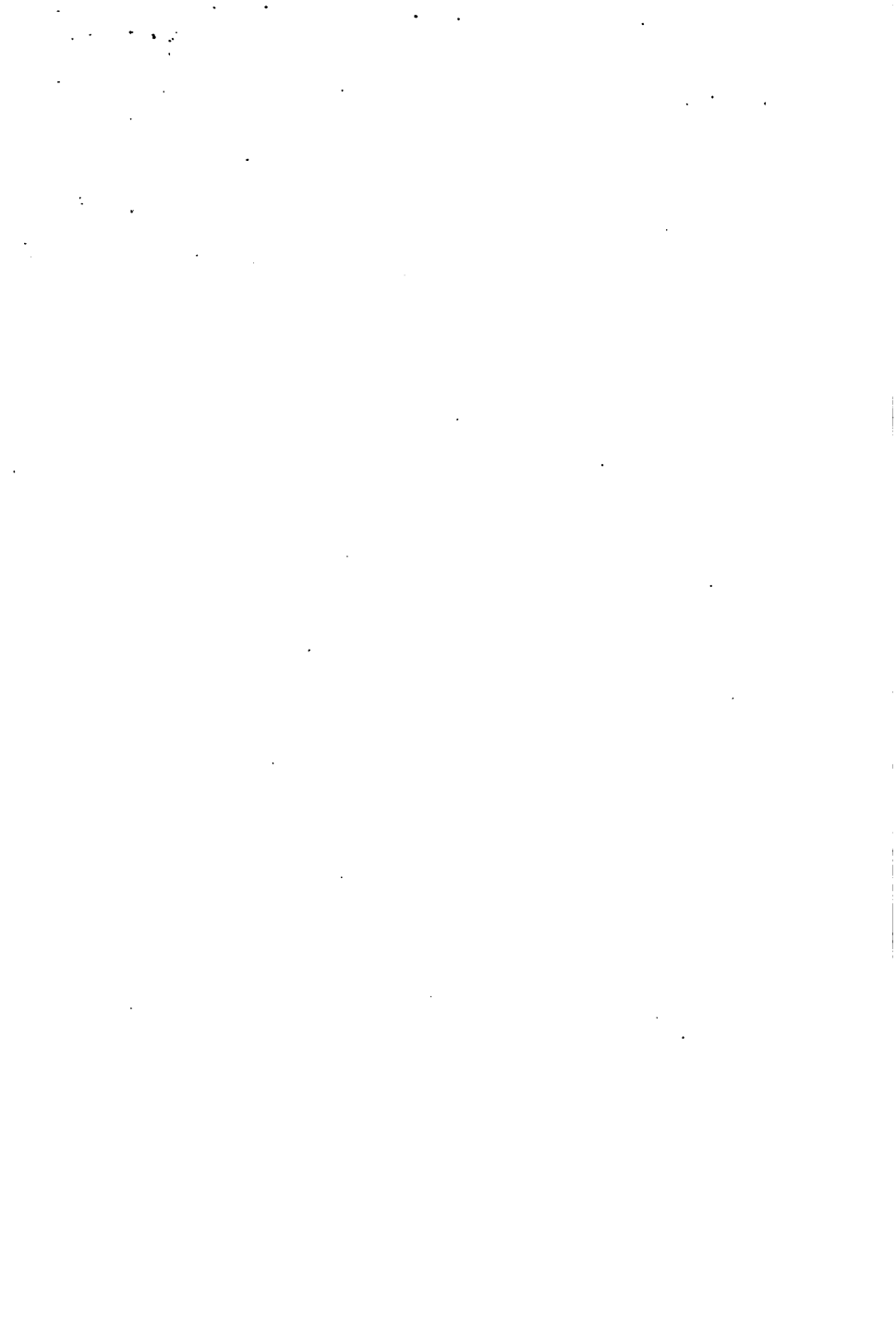
What strong twists in the cables of the State,
What pure runs in the blood of Western thought;
Whatever makes us permanent and great
Entered with them at Plymouth's stormy gate;
Praise to their names and to their great deeds glory!
The Golden Gate shall be their salvatory.

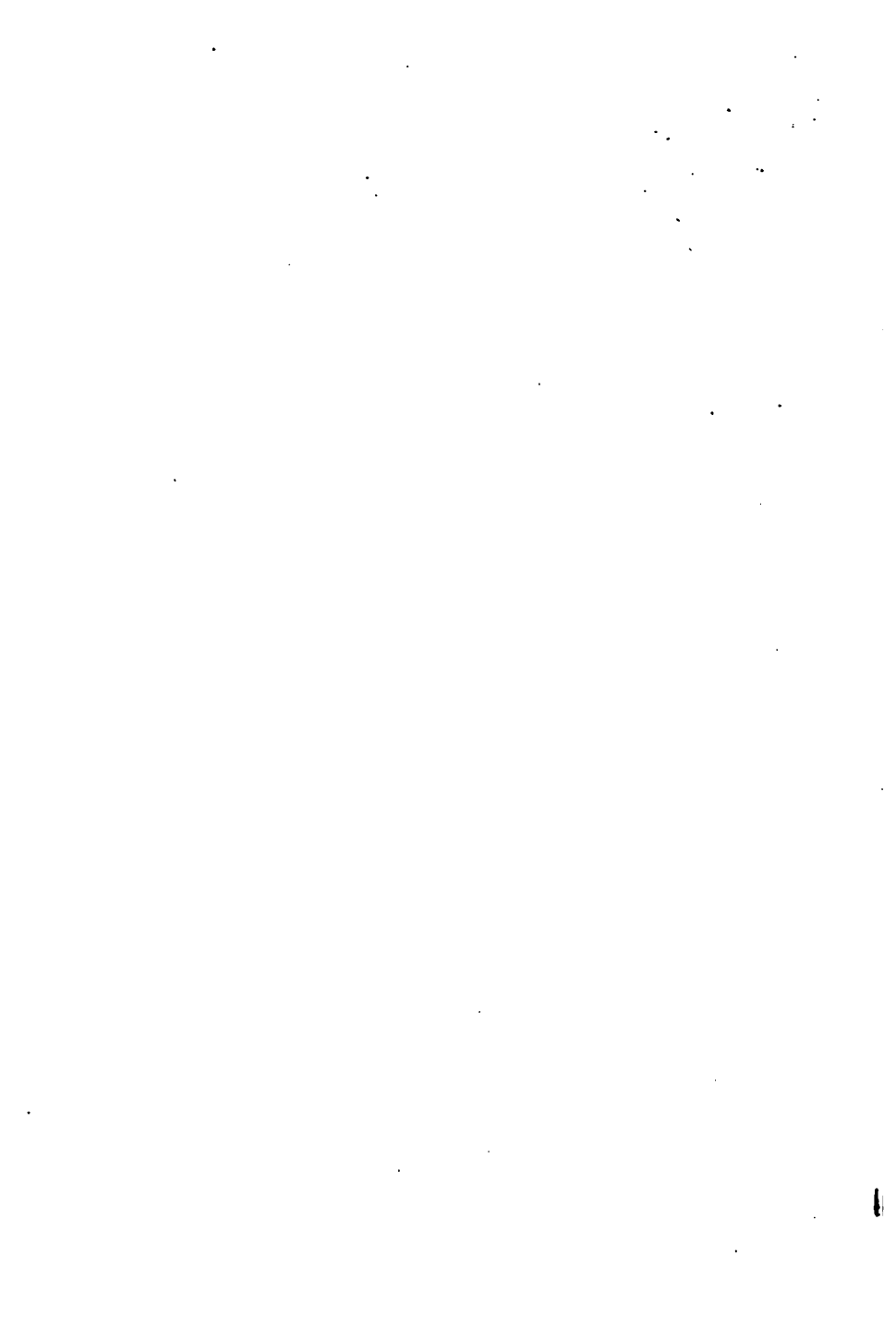
What honor to their memory can we bring
In these far days, in this far summer land?
What were our gold, or songs that we might sing?
Ah, more unto their honor, should we stand
Fulfilling what they toiled for, worthy, heart and
hand,
To bear their names and add our deeds to the story —
The Golden Gate shall be their salvatory!

“Hail to them, thrice hail!” the west sea chimes,
Like morning bells upon the warm west shore,
And we, in these new years, these good new times,
Recount their deeds, pronounce their names once
more;
Ay, proudly so, until our new land's lore
Shall weave this golden thread with her own glory,
And the Golden Gate shall be their salvatory!









NO. _____

ALSTEAD CENTER, N. H.

FOR THE USE OF THE PEOPLE AT



